PRIVATE EYE

£1

No. 934
Friday
3 Oct. '97

ALL THINGS BRIGHTON BEAUTIFUL

TONY PARTY AT PRAYER

"When you see a man about to be murdered and he's looking at you and crying, you are naked."

Don McCullin has been photographing wars and human rights disasters since 1964, when he took his camera to Cyprus, and the Congo. He has often risked his life to bring back pictures to show the world what was happening, pictures which he hoped might help to end the horrors he had witnessed. In these pages, Amnesty International invites Don to talk about his work and what he thinks all of us can do to help.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON MCCULLIN

Amnesty International: working worldwide for the release of prisoners of conscience, fair trials for political prisoners and an end to torture, extra-judicial executions, "disappearances" and the death penalty.

The tragedy of my work is that I could never save the people I photographed.

I'll never forget the two men I saw once in Beirut, standing in a stair well, hands up, while their families were being dragged down stairs. The families were looking at the men as they came down. I followed the women and children and came back just in time to see these two men being shot in cold blood at point blank range. One of them had an Astrakhan hat on and a kind of light raincoat, and the other was saying 'Allah, Allah' as he was falling, as if the last air in his body was calling for God.

"When you think you're going to be killed..."

Next day I went up to this man, a gunman from East Beirut and said 'What's going on?'. He said 'The Palestinians, they're going to get the chop' and I said 'Please don't do this. The press are here, everyone can see what you're doing, this is wrong'. He said 'Go away, my friend, it is none of your business' . They took a group of men into the yard but I pushed my way in behind them. It had been raining and this old factory yard was all wet and damp under a weird sky. Seconds before he died, I saw one of the Palestinians looking at a gunman loading his rifle. I know what that poor man felt like in those last seconds, I know what he was praying for. Once in Uganda I thought I was about to be murdered. In the darkness of Makindi prison, with people being sledge-hammered to death in the yard, what I wanted was anyone - any soul in the world, any person who could reach out to me and get me out. I thought about Amnesty International and how I wished they could hear me. I longed for someone to tell Amnesty that I was missing.

"Who needs a ringside seat for a murder?"

Who needs to have the best seat in the house for a murder? Only killers. Not the witness, not a photographer. Not me. I hoped my pictures would stir people up and stop those things happening. That was my justification for intruding on some of those fearful scenes. I used to try and get rid of my own guilt by saying 'It's vital to get these terrible statements back to Britain. People are basically good, they're bound to want to help.' My pictures were printed in the Sunday newspapers, but of course in the news reports there would never be any kind of exhortation for the reader to do anything.

"I used to wash my hands in blood."

I am glad to do this appeal for Amnesty is because I can say the things those news reports didn't. I need to say them. I want to get them off my chest.

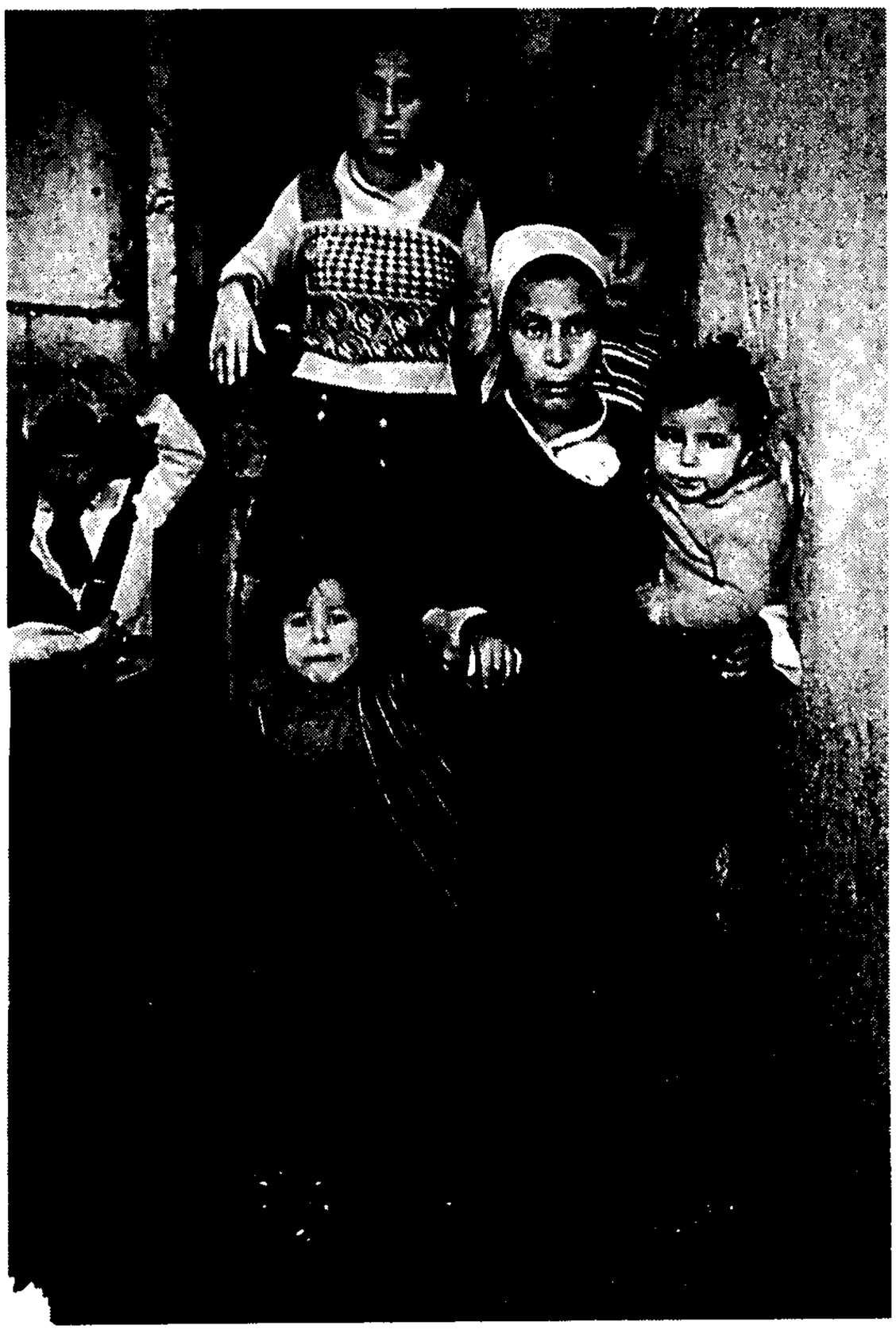
Often when I came back from abroad, people would ask, 'Where have you been?' and I'd mumble Vietnam or Biafra or Beirut and they'd say 'Oh, it must have been awful,' and they'd ask a question and if I answered it, and came out with something appalling, they'd look round and say things like 'Is there any more coffee?' or 'Is there any more wine?'. They'd try to get away from me. Sometimes I'd want to say 'Piss off' and just walk away.

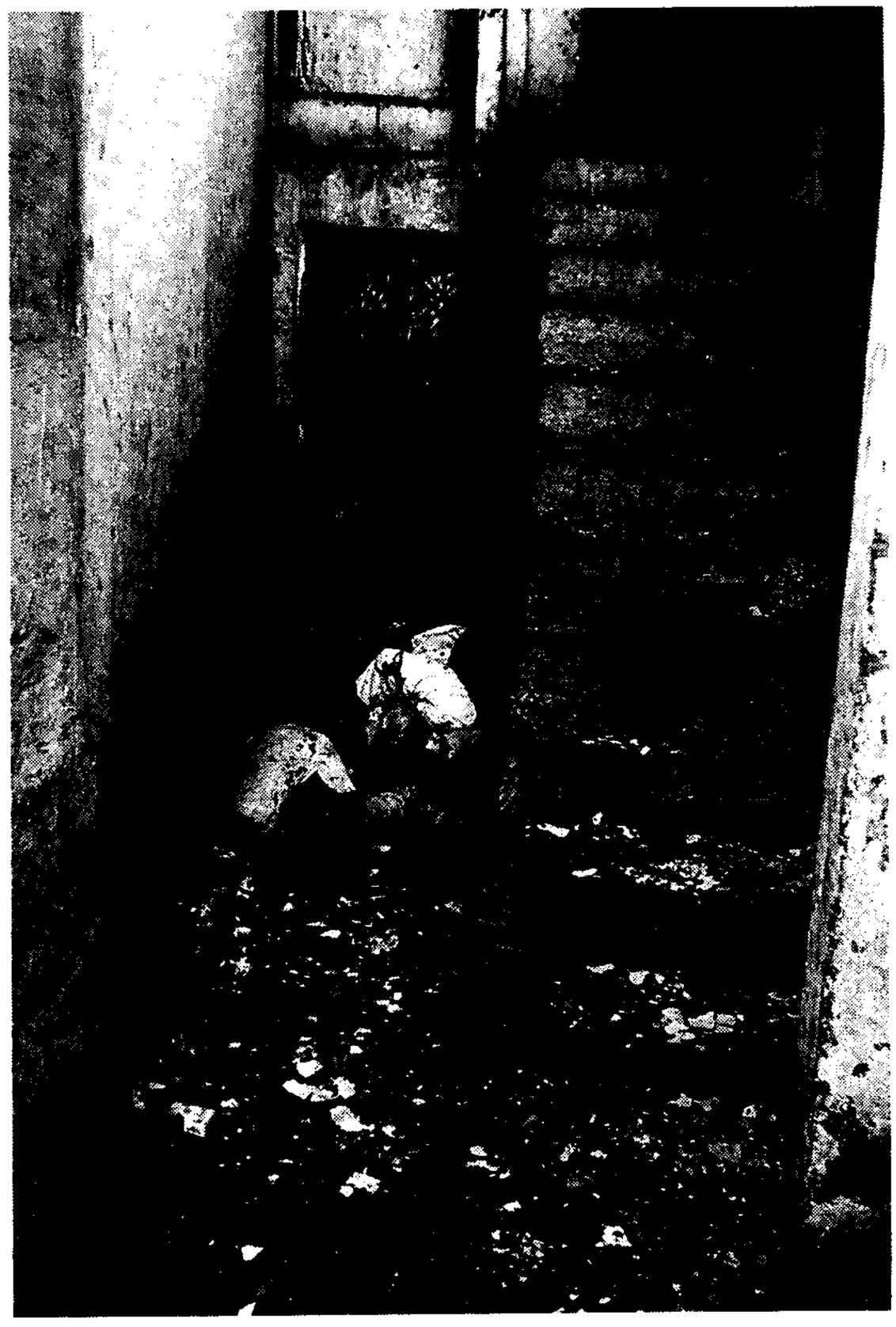
"Memories fade, like old newspapers."

When I fish out some of the old colour magazines from up in my attic and look at my pictures, I wonder, did they open people's eyes, to the horror, and their own responsibility. Sometimes I think - who knows? - maybe my pictures even helped to nurture Amnesty's beginnings. I hope so, because Amnesty does wonderful work and deserves to be supported by everyone who has the freedom to read a magazine. Like you, reading this one. But act fast, because old papers fade. They go yellow, like memories. The people who died fade. We forget they were once alive and breathing, just like us.

"I see the dead in crowds and on buses."

I think a lot about all the people whose deaths I saw or photographed. I see them in the streets, on buses and trains and planes and at airports. They float out there in





cloudy images. I see them when I least need to see them. I still see those men dropping in that stairwell in Beirut.

I'm surrounded by ghosts and images and things that tap me on the brain and say, 'Hey, mister, remember me?'

'Remember me in the market place in Saigon when, they brought the two jeeps at dawn and stood me at a stake? Remember me, the man they said was a bomber? Hey, Don, remember me, the headless chap you saw lying by a river restaurant one night after the bomb went off. And me, the pregnant woman who was dead? And all us headless people under the tables? And me, the fellow with a sucking wound in his neck and chest that was making that terrible noise. Hey, remember us?'

I ask the dead, what do you want? They don't speak, but I think they're saying, 'You didn't do your job properly because, you know, we're still here and as you see, Don, our numbers are growing.'

"Amnesty is us, and we are Amnesty."

The ghosts are right. The world is in a worse way now than it was when I began taking pictures.

That's why I hope that everyone who reads this will join Amnesty International. Amnesty needs our support to bring hope and help to the people locked away in prisons. For many people who are suffering horribly at the hands of brutal men, it's the only hope there is.

Amnesty International can't change things on its own, it's them and us together. You can't sit back and say 'Oh well, Amnesty will work it out.' We have to work it out with Amnesty. Amnesty is us, and we are Amnesty. If we fail Amnesty, we fail ourselves.

Beirut, 1973.

Left: A Palestinian family is hustled out of their home by gunmen ofthe Christian Phalange. In the stairwell, the men of the family are held at gunpoint with their hands up.

Right: Moments after the first picture was taken, I rushed back only to see the two men shot dead at point blank range. One of them, as he fell, was saying 'Allah, Allah, Allah' as if the last breath in his body was calling for God.

"Pick up your pen and use it."

When you see a man being murdered in a doorway and he is looking at you and crying, you are naked. You're naked. You don't have any feelings, you are destroyed. You don't have any implements at hand to protect this man, help this man, shield this man. One human dying in front of another is a naked experience, believe me.

You have a way to protect, help and shield the people who are right now being hurt, killed, or flung in blood-soaked cells.

It is your voice, your pen. Pick it up. Use it.

I want to be a member of Amnesty International. Here's my annual subscription fee:

£21 Individual ☐ £27 Family ☐ £7.50 Student ☐ Under 22 ☐ Claimant ☐ Senior Citizen ☐

I wish to donate £500 ☐ £250 ☐ £100 ☐ £50 ☐ £25 ☐ £10 ☐ Other_____

Mr/Ms _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Please charge my Access/Visa/MasterCard number: ☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐-☐☐☐☐

Total _____ Card valid from ☐☐-☐☐ Expires ☐☐-☐☐ K10

Signed _____

If you are paying by credit card, please give the address where you receive your credit card.

Please tick if you do not wish to receive mail from sympathetic organisations. ☐

To join or make a donation please call* 0345 611116. *Calls are charged at local rates.

TO: DEPT. AA. AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL UK. FREEPOST, LONDON EC1B 1HE.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

What the papers don't say.

What the radio doesn't let you hear.

What the other broadcasters don't let you see.

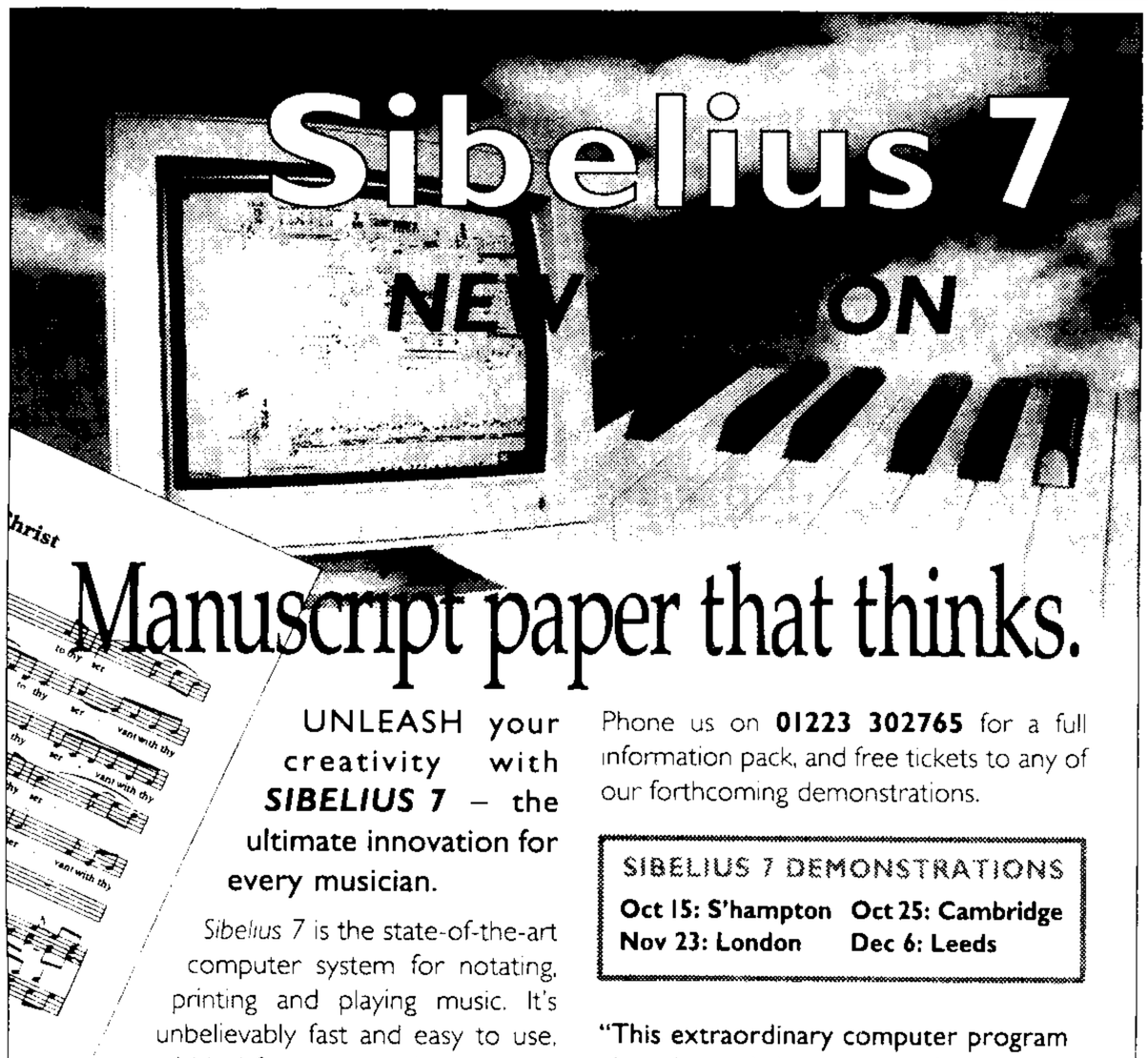
THE PARLIAMENTARY CHANNEL

Get the complete picture

Full, unedited coverage of both Houses in session and incisive political programming.

Created by the British Cable Industry

CABLE Get connected on 0990 111 777.



Manuscript paper that thinks.

UNLEASH your creativity with ***SIBELIUS 7*** – the ultimate innovation for every musician.

Sibelius 7 is the state-of-the-art computer system for notating, printing and playing music. It's unbelievably fast and easy to use, and ideal for anyone who wants to compose or arrange.

Sibelius 7 is used by the world's top composers, performers, publishers and conservatoires – including the **BBC**, **Royal Academy of Music**, **Faber Music** and ***Mission Impossible*** composer Lalo Schifrin.

The **NEW VERSION** of *Sibelius 7* supports even more amazing features such as music scanning - and as an introductory offer you can buy a complete system for **just £1999** (including Acorn RISC computer, monitor, A4 printer, software, VAT and delivery).

Phone us on **01223 302765** for a full information pack, and free tickets to any of our forthcoming demonstrations.

SIBELIUS 7 DEMONSTRATIONS

Oct 15: S'hampton **Oct 25: Cambridge**
Nov 23: London **Dec 6: Leeds**

"This extraordinary computer program has changed the music profession forever" – *The Times* leader column

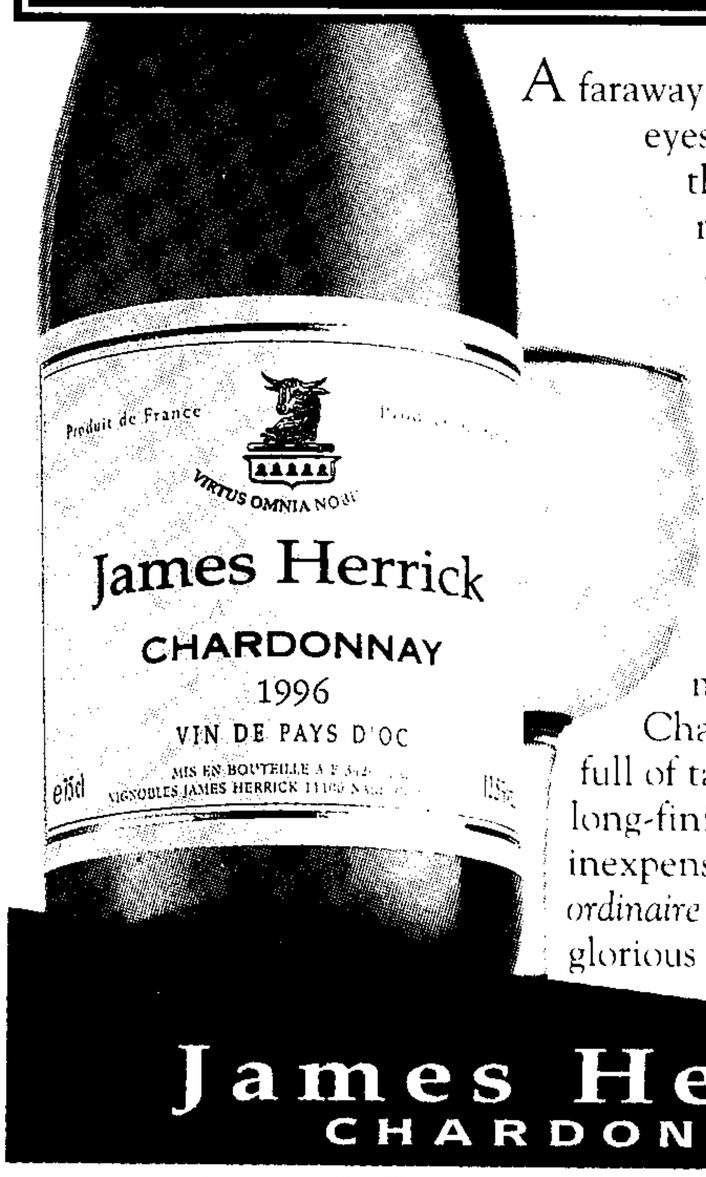
"Powerful and effective"
– Michael Tilson Thomas (conductor)

"In a totally different league from anything else"
– Royal Academy of Music

Sibelius Software Ltd, 75 Burleigh St, Cambridge CB1 1DJ
***Tel: 01223 302765** • Fax 01223 35 947*
email info@sibelius.software.com
web site www.sibelius-software.com

Available worldwide – contact us for dealers outside UK. Delivery outside UK mainland costs extra. Scanning requires Optical Manuscript from Neuratron Software.

If you like the sound of the South of France you'll love the taste.



A faraway look comes into people's eyes when mention is made of the South of France. For most, it is the capital of *chic*: a sun-kissed playground of exotic resorts and spectacular scenery studded with ancient vineyards - among them, *La Motta*, *La Boulandiere* and *Les Garrigues de Truilhas*, where James Herrick makes the definitive *Midi* Chardonnay. Rich, stylish and full of taste; fresh, yet fruity and long-finishing. And amazingly inexpensive. Why settle for *vin ordinaire* when you can afford the glorious South?

James Herrick
CHARDONNAY

AVAILABLE COUNTRYWIDE FROM ASDA, BERKELEY WINE, BOTTOMS UP, THE CO-OP, E.H. BOOTH, ELDRIDGE POPE, EUROPA, FULLER'S, MORRISONS, OPPENS RUSSELL CELLARS, SAINSBURY, SAFEWAY, SOMERFIELD, SPAR, TESCO, THRESHER, UNWINS, VICTORIA WINE, WAITROSE, WINE CELLAR, WINE RACK, WOODHOUSE

Gnome

THIS is a copy of the new Press Code on Privacy that I signed last week on behalf of the Daily Gnome. I reproduce it with pride, marking as it does the greatest step forward in the history of journalism and one in which I have played no small part.

That Code In Full

We, the undersigned, solemnly and bindingly do hereby agree that from this time forth we shall earnestly and wholeheartedly accept the following rigorous self-regulatory Code of Practice governing the essential protection of privacy in the newspapers which we do own or edit:

1. There will be no more photographs taken of Diana, Princess of Wales, ever again.

2. Er...

3. That's it.

Lord Gnome
Sir David Fester
Prince Charles Moore
Mr Alan Rubbisher
Mr Piers Moron
Mr Stuart Filth
And some other people no one has heard of.

"Mr Blair doesn't want anything that disagrees with him"

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

£17 per annum. Europe and Eire £25.
Airmail – rest of world £33.
Cheques/POs to Private Eye. Access/Visa.

PRIVATE EYE SUBSCRIPTIONS
Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
Tel: 0171-228 0588. Fax: 0171-924 3719.
Email: eyesubs@cix.compulink.co.uk

EDITORIAL
6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171-437 4017. Fax: 0171-437 0705.
Email: strobes@private-eye.co.uk
WWW:http://www.private-eye.co.uk

COLOUR SECTION

HELLO! HELLO!

EARL SPENCER, self-appointed moraliser and scourge of the media, is most annoyed with *Private Eye*. In a fax embellished with the Spencer family crest, he indignantly denies a suggestion in the last *Eye* that his privacy crusade is undermined by his negotiations with *Hello!* magazine during the past couple of years.

"I have not been involved in any such negotiations, neither has anyone on my behalf," he writes. "On the contrary, I have spent a lot of the nearly two years we have lived in South Africa protecting my family's privacy: in particular, my wife and I have had to obtain restraining orders against one member of the paparazzi who harassed my children repeatedly...

"At no stage have I ever contemplated allowing any intrusion into my family's privacy in Cape Town. I think it a pity that my sincere wish to help this country's fight against the culture of intrusion should be sneered at so dishonestly in *Private Eye*, and I would be grateful if you could therefore acknowledge your fault.

"I am sure *Hello!* will confirm that it has had absolutely no contact with me during the entire time that I have lived in South Africa."

Someone is certainly being dishonest — but who? As Spencer knows very well, he and his wife did not deal directly with *Hello!* but with the mag's legendary interviewer and fixer, the Marquesa de Varela. The *Eye* has obtained a sheaf of letters sent by Charles and Victoria Spencer to their friend the Marquesa — whom they address fondly as "Neneta".

In one letter, undated but apparently written in late 1995, Victoria Spencer reveals that she wants to give an "in-depth interview" to *Hello!*: "There are things I would like to say, on the subject of my disease and my recovery (since this would benefit others), the British press, and my marriage (in support of Charles)."

Another of Victoria Spencer's letters to the *Hello!* hackette claimed that "I've discussed everything with Charles. He is in the middle of fighting the British government in Strasbourg for a privacy law in Britain — he is fighting it in my name. Therefore we simply cannot even contemplate or consider doing an interview for less than £250,000 to me...

"To do this would completely destroy my case in fighting for a privacy law in Britain, which is why the fee must be so substantial. Otherwise it is just not worth my while, as I'm sure you will appreciate."

These negotiations seem to have taken place shortly before the Spencers moved to South Africa on 28 December 1995. On 12 December 1995, a fortnight before they emigrated, Charles Spencer scuppered the project in a fax to the Marquesa. "Dear Neneta," he wrote. "I am afraid I really feel most uncomfortable with your proposal concerning Victoria. This morning you caught me entirely off guard, I'm afraid... Of course, I appreciate that you were only trying to help, but please don't follow through with your plan." Like his wife, Spencer pointed out that such a piece would sabotage his lawsuit against the British government.

Once they arrived in Cape Town, however, the couple were soon in touch with their chum from *Hello!* again. Victoria Spencer told the Marquesa that she was thinking of "coming out of retirement" to pose for some photos. "I must stress that there would have to be no interview or references to my personal/private life. I could be severely criticised for even modelling for you, since everyone knows of my desire to lead a private, anonymous life out here, so it would certainly have to be worth it for me."

And what of her husband, who assures the *Eye* that he has had "absolutely no contact" with *Hello!* "during the entire time that I have lived in South Africa"? On 21 March 1996 he sent the Marquesa a fax from Cape Town — with the suggestive heading "SUBJECT TO CONTRACT" — offering to sell *Hello!* the exclusive rights to a party celebrating the restoration of Althorp House. The mag would get photographs of Earl Spencer with "a few of my family (my mother, for instance), some of my friends, plus the restoration team". He added that *Harpers & Queen* was also interested, "but I'd rather give you first refusal". The fee was to be paid into the Althorp House and Park Account.

As the *Eye* pointed out to Spencer last week, it is hard to see how all these chummy messages and negotiations tally with his flat denial. In reply, we received a letter on his behalf from David Horton-Fawkes, general manager of Althorp Park: "*Hello!* approached Countess Spencer at some stage in early 1996, to do a modelling assignment and interview in Cape Town. No correspondence on either side was ever seen by Lord Spencer. All he knew was that *Hello!* had allegedly offered Lady Spencer £250,000, and that she turned the offer down."

Not so. The "modelling assignment" — with no interview — was indeed proposed after the Spencers moved to South Africa. But the story with a £250,000 price tag was an exclusive interview with Countess Spencer about her health problems and her marriage. And the enormous fee was not "offered" by *Hello!* but demanded by Victoria Spencer — because, as her letters confirm, the interview would effectively wreck the Spencers' campaign for a privacy law.

"Lord Spencer has no knowledge of any correspondence connected with this matter," David Horton-Fawkes assures us. Perhaps so. But why, then, did his wife insist that "I've discussed everything with Charles"?

CHARLES SPENCER's mother, Frances Shand-Kydd, has also been lecturing about privacy. In an address last Saturday to the congregation at St Columba's Cathedral, Oban, she claimed that for years before her daughter's death she had requests from the media to talk about Diana — but "I felt as though I was being asked for my soul, which couldn't be given since it belongs to someone else".

Perhaps she has forgotten the two very long interviews she granted *Hello!* magazine earlier this year, in which she talked freely about Diana's bulimia, divorce, etc. The princess was so furious that she let it be known — via her usual intermediary: Richard Kay of the *Daily Mail*— that she regarded this as a betrayal.

"My treasured memories of her last days are not for sharing," Shand-Kydd declared last weekend. "They remain zipped up in my heart and mind."

Sadly, so angry was Diana at those *Hello!* indiscretions that in the last months of her life she declined to accept her mother's phone calls and returned her letters unopened. The price of this tragic rift? *Hello!* paid a fee of £70,000 to the Comicile Trust, which plans to build a Roman Catholic sanctuary on Iona, where Frances Shand-Kydd now lives.

- ***Saudi nurses special*** ***6***
- ***Andrew Morton humbug*** ***6***
- ***Rifkind's new job*** ***9***
- ***The People's Letters Pt II*** ***14***
- ***George Steiner's Diary*** ***24***
- ***Death in British prisons*** ***26***

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTMARE

SPOT the difference between the following two stories.

1 In May 1979 the body of Helen Smith, a British nurse in Saudi Arabia, was found dead at the bottom of a block of flats in Jeddah. The Saudi authorities, with the earnest help of the foreign office and the British media, circulated the story that she had fallen from a high balcony while making love to a Dutch seaman.

Her father, Ron Smith, after seeing his daughter's body, did not believe the story and challenged it. A Leeds inquest in 1983, four years later, heard forensic evidence, produced for the first time, that Helen had been murdered in the course of a sex attack by people who have never been identified. Expert after expert cast doubt on the story that she had fallen from the balcony. Though the foreign office was represented at the inquest, and begged the jury to uphold the balcony story and find "death by misadventure", the jury returned an open verdict.

2 In December 1996 Yvonne Gilford, am Australian nurse in Saudi Arabia, was found dead in a block of flats in Dhahran. The Saudi authorities, with the earnest help of the foreign office and the British media, circulated the story that she had been murdered by two colleagues, British nurses Deborah Parry and Lucille McLauchlan, in a lesbian love tiff. For good measure, the official story continued, the killers had stolen Yvonne's credit card and had used it to take money from a cash dispenser on three consecutive days after the killing.

For three weeks the media peddled this salacious story. NURSES KILLED VICTIM AFTER LESBIAN LOVE QUARREL (*Daily Mirror*, 3 January); LESBIAN ROMPS OF THE SAUDI MURDER NURSE (*Daily Star*, 3 January); SAUDI LEAKS REVEAL NEW EVIDENCE IN NURSES' CASE: *Saudi newspapers yesterday disclosed apparently damning new evidence against the two British nurses... Police sources are quoted about how they were told by the National Commercial Bank that the victim's bank card was being used three days after her murder.* (*Times*, 30 December 1996). BRITISH NURSES ADMITTED KILLING, CLAIM SAUDIS... *Saudi officials claimed they went on a shopping spree using Miss Gilford's credit card.* (*Evening Standard*, 27 December).

The story seemed to have powerful support when the *Sun* revealed that Lucille McLauchlan had been charged (though never tried) with stealing a patient's credit card when she worked as a nurse in Dundee. This story was firmly imprinted on the public mind in the following months as the "trial" of the nurses wended its way through the Saudi "courts".

The distinguishing feature of Saudi justice is of course secrecy. Evidence is not presented in public and cannot be tested by observers. Almost unanimously the media appeared to accept the nurses' guilt, and concentrated on the juicy prospect of their public beheading or, at least, their flogging with hundreds of lashes. More fun was had with the news that the executions could be stayed at the request of the murdered woman's family. The British public were introduced to Yvonne Gilford's brother Frank, one of the world's nicest human beings, who for a long time insisted that the convicted nurses must die — and only changed his mind when he realised he could extract a few hundred thousand pounds from the British arms industry instead.

● **On 14 August, the *Daily Mail* devoted two pages to an entirely different story. Under the headline** DID THE SAUDI GUARDS MURDER YVONNE?, **the paper revealed information from the accused girls in conversations with their families. This suggested that the murder had been committed by Saudi security guards at the hospital who were running a money-lending and prostitution racket.**

Five guards, the *Mail* reported, had been sacked and questioned by police about the Gilford murder. "One disappeared, and two — believed to have been on duty the night Miss Gilford was murdered — ended up in intensive care in hospital. One of those men is believed to be related to a member of the team that investigated the murder."

All this seemed more credible when the nurses' confessions were analyzed in depth by the press in September. Questions at last started to be asked in earnest. Why had two sworn statements giving both nurses cast-iron alibis been ignored? Where was the knife and the bloodied clothes? What happened to the video which was said to have been taken of one the nurses at the cash dispenser? Why had the nurses used the credit card so soon after they had stolen it from a woman they had murdered? Could the whole credit card story have been invented by the Saudi authorities who would have known about the credit card theft charge against Lucille McLauchlan in Dundee?

The *Daily Mail* revealed, moreover, that a "security guard had pestered Yvonne Gilford for weeks before she was killed". On 29 September the *Mail* cast still more doubt on the credit card story. Two items which Deborah Parry alleged in her confession had been bought with the credit card — a necklace and a watch — had in fact been bought for her by her family *before* she went to Saudi Arabia. The family have both the receipts.

None of these revelations stopped the *Daily Mail* from announcing in its leader the same day that "Islamic legal practice has a long and usually honourable tradition... and it has to be said the crime rate in Saudi Arabia is staggeringly low". The same points were made in a full page of the *Mail* the same day by Akbar Ahmed, a fellow of Selwyn College, Cambridge. Meanwhile, 43 percent of *Sun* readers had "voted" to back the nurses' punishment. Perhaps they had been influenced by their newspapers' faithful adherence to the foreign office/Saudi line. One columnist, the former Tory MP David Mellor, told them on 25 September: "The Saudis are reasonable people. They are amongst our closest friends... The jobs of many *Sun* readers depend on continuing goodwill between our two countries."

The job of at least one *Sun* writer also depended on such goodwill continuing between David Mellor and British Aerospace, Racal, Shorts and Vosper Thorneycroft, all arms companies which depend on orders from Saudi Arabia — and employ David Mellor as a very highly paid consultant. The likelihood is that the nurses will be released in about a year when all these questions have stopped being asked and that, as with Helen Smith, no one will ever know who killed Yvonne Gilford.

"Hello... we've come to talk to you about Mithras..."

STREET OF SHAME

MILLIONAIRE royal biographer Andrew Morton is a wonderful chap. He has rushed out a new edition of *Diana: Her True Story* to "honour her memory" — and certainly not to add squillions more to his bank account.

In the new foreword to his book, and an interview to go with the lucrative serialisation in the *Times*, he eulogises Saint Diana and tears into her heartless husband. "It is important that the truth about the princess's life should be known before the revisionist historians get to work," he explains.

Morton is no stranger to revisionist history. No doubt he hopes we have all forgotten a piece he wrote for the *Sun* on 14 August, just two weeks before the princess's death. "I now know," he informed *Sun* readers, "why Prince Charles spent his time talking to vegetables — because he knew he would get more sense out of them than the fruit he married."

SUCH bitterness from Morton may be explained by the fact that he was dumped by his royal sources after he had served his purpose. An episode in 1992 when the paperback of *Diana, Her True Story* came out is revealing. The *Sunday Express* editor Eve Pollard offered Morton £10,000 for a story, a contract was signed and *Express* "royal watcher" John McEntee was sent to interview the great man. Morton leafed through his book and mumbled that there were a couple of things "not fully developed" in the *Sunday Times*'s hardback serialisation. It was gently pointed out that for ten grand something more substantial was expected. Morton promised to ring "Diana's friends".

When contacted on Saturday morning Morton casually said: "They weren't in." The wretched *Sunday Express* hack then rapidly cobbled together something from the book and took it to Pollard who screamed: "This is shit, shit, shit!" Pollard was dissuaded from offering Morton even more money, and as deadline approached a furious McEntee managed to coax out of Moron the suggestion that in 1987 Diana had apparently offered to have another baby to save her marriage.

He banged the story out and, as required in the contract, tried to fax it to Morton. But he couldn't get through. "It's our daughter's 7th birthday and we're faxing the menu through to the restaurant," explained Morton's wife sniffily on the phone. La Bollard splashed the story on the front page: "Diana — The Daughter I Could Never Have". It was picked up by later editions of the *Mail on Sunday* under the by-line of the great Nigel Dempster. Thus are world exclusives born...

AT the Requiem Mass held for Diana at Westminster Cathedral on the eve of her funeral, the fragrant, pregnant *Catholic Herald* hackette Christina White jumped to her feet and grappled with a man in the pew behind as he tried to take snaps of the princess's mother, Frances Shand Kydd.

The holier-than-thou *Herald* then recorded the event in its next issue. *Herald* news editor Joe Jenkins noted that it was a *Herald* journalist who had taken the photographer by the arm "to prevent any further distress to Diana's mother".

Strange, then, that this sanctimonious article should have been illustrated with... a large, close-up Press Association photograph of Frances Shand Kydd wiping a tear from her eye during the ceremony at Westminster Cathedral. *Mea culpa*s all round.

WHILE the big newsagents were busily banning the *Eye* (as a mark of respect to England's Rose), they were rather less vigilant with other publications. More than a fortnight after the Princess's death, John Menzies in Peterborough was displaying that thoughtful journal *Viz* — with its irresistible headline "Your Chance to Romp With a Naked Princess Di".

HACKS at the *Sunday Mirror* have been startled to learn that their boss, Bridget "Death" Rowe, sits on the Press Complaints Commission's "Code of Practice Committee" that has been sounding so pious about media responsibility and those awful paparazzi.

Rowe and her chief acolyte, executive editor/picture editor Paul Bennett, have been the most blatant and enthusiastic users of expensive paparazzi shots to the detriment of anything faintly resembling decent or investigative journalism. Quite apart from the £300,000 lavished on those grainy pictures of Di and Dodi kissing, Rowe and Bennett were also responsible for such "scoops" as the infamous snaps purporting to show Princess Diana's "cellulite" and the intrusive holiday shots cruelly mocking chat-show hostess Judy Finnegan for looking fat.

Just before the princess's inconvenient death, Bennett was loudly predicting to dumbfounded hacks that the Di and Dodi pap snaps had guaranteed a golden future for himself and Bridget. He announced that Rowe would either become editor of the *Daily Mirror* instead of Piers "Boy" Morgan or even be elevated to replace Mirror Group supremo David "Rommel" Montgomery. As for himself, Bennett modestly revealed that he expected to be appointed editor of the *Sunday Mirror* or *People*.

Rowe has often described her journalistic ethos as "celebrity shag kiss'n'tells and famous people looking fat or stupid on exotic beaches". Quite how this philosophy sits with the PCC's new high moral tone, or her own position on the code committee, is a most fascinating conundrum.

MEANWHILE Rowe has managed to lose her second political editor in six months. The latest unfortunate through the revolving door, Adam Sherwin, lasted just six weeks at the *Sunday Mirror* before being fired.

Rowe was horrified when Sherwin insisted on filing political stories from the lobby. "You're supposed to be monitoring MPs' sex lives," he was repeatedly told by Bridget's minions.

She has also recently junked her fragrant astrologer Russell Grant, who has been curtly informed that his predictions are no longer required. Hacks at the *Sunday Mirror* were thus interested to read an entry in his farewell horoscope, published on 21 September: "PISCES (Feb 20 - Mar 20). Hypocrisy and injustice pervade the air but, because of the set-up of the planets, negativity is hidden by a smokescreen of self-righteousness. You can tell all and sundry you've done things for the right reasons, but only you can sleep with your conscience..."

By an amazing coincidence, Pisces is the star-sign of Bridget "Death" Rowe.

DESPITE Lord Rothermere's munificence in providing the champagne after Sir John Junor's memorial service at St Bride's, when the party of worthies repaired to the nearby Howard Hotel the second Lady Rothermere, former Korean hand-model Maiko Lee, was not treated with the deference she might expect from her consort's employees.

Indeed, she was reduced to chatting to two tramps who are regular gatecrashers at such events. Her companions, a scarecrow-like man with lank hair and stained beard and a lady with an ill-fitting wig, also managed to consume vast quantities of Rothermere's expensive hospitality. No doubt Junor would have chuckled.

Still, Lady Rothermere remains devoted to his lordship and last month gave him a saxophone for his 70th birthday. "But when 'e play," she wails, "all the dogs — they run out of the room!"

AT the service, former lackeys fondly recalled how the tyrannical *Sunday Express* editor devotedly protected his son Roderick when he thought the lad in danger from terrorists.

Following a splenetic attack on the IRA in his column, Sir Jonah received several death threats. Shortly afterwards, Roderick (then toiling at the *Sunday Express* himself) fell down drunk on his way home, incurring severe facial bruises. The embarrassed Roderick told his father he'd been mugged — and Jonah became convinced that this was the work of Irish republicans. So the great editor had the ultimate security precaution specially made for his lad: a reinforced bowler hat.

"WE HAVE come up with a new kind of broadsheet," *Indie* editor Andrew Marr boasted on his front page, introducing the paper's umpteenth redesign. "It is edited and written in a different way, which will be tougher for the journalists and better for the readers."

It'll certainly be tougher for the journalists — not least because eight of them were sacked the week before the relaunch, leaving a skeleton staff to produce the exciting new *Indie*. For all his brave words in public, Marr knows the game is up. He has admitted sadly to his few remaining colleagues that the redesign has just one month in which to show results, after which the paper may still exist but "not as the *Independent* we know".

What he meant was that, after toiling under the yoke of David "Rommel" Montgomery and Charlie "Gorbals" Wilson, he may soon be delivered to an even worse fate — ownership by the weird Barclay twins, who intend to make Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill editor-in-chief of the *Indie* and *Sindie* as soon as they can get their hands on the papers.

If Brillo Pad does indeed take over from Gorbals, the betrayal of the founders' intentions will be complete. When the *Independent* was set up, Charlie Wilson and Andrew Neill were editing the *Times* and *Sunday Times*: as one veteran hack pointed out: "These are the two people we joined the *Indie* to get away from".

WORTHY *Independent on Sunday* readers may be interested to learn that Michael Bloomberg, the billionaire mogul whose company produces the *Sindie*'s business pages, combines a reputation for philanthropy with a playboy lifestyle he likens to a "wet dream".

Last year, just after being voted "America's thirteenth most generous man", he told the *Guardian*: "I like the theatre, dining and chasing women."

But the 53-year-old tycoon could live to regret his remarks should they be read by the jury in any one of the three sexual harassment cases currently being pursued against him and his company by former employees in America. Sekiko Sakai Garrison, who sold Bloomberg computer terminals between 1989 and 1995, has filed an astronomical claim for $55m alleging that "Michael Bloomberg and his executives subjected plaintiff and other female employees to repeated and unwelcome sexual comments... sexual overtures... and sexual gestures, including unauthorized touching and inappropriate acts".

The other complainants tell equally sorry tales of Bloomberg as a fount of unwanted sexual comments. So far Bloomberg and his lawyers, Wilkie, Farr and Gallagher, have repeatedly refused to speak publicly about the allegations.

EMBARRASSMENT is mounting for Stephen Day, editor of the *Express*'s money section.

First, the heavyweight Day was ejected by bouncers from a late night Virgin Life Insurance press party after an emotional incident with on-off paramour Maria Darby sent the slightly built PR girl to the ground. Now he is being told to apologise to many of Britain's remaining building societies by the *Express* advertising team.

Day has been vociferous in urging *Express* readers to "carpetbag" building societies in the hope

of a handout of free bonus shares worth up to £2,000. This caused huge queues and other problems at societies such as the Nationwide, Bradford & Bingley and Britannia when the greedy readers followed his easy money-making instructions and jammed up building society offices.

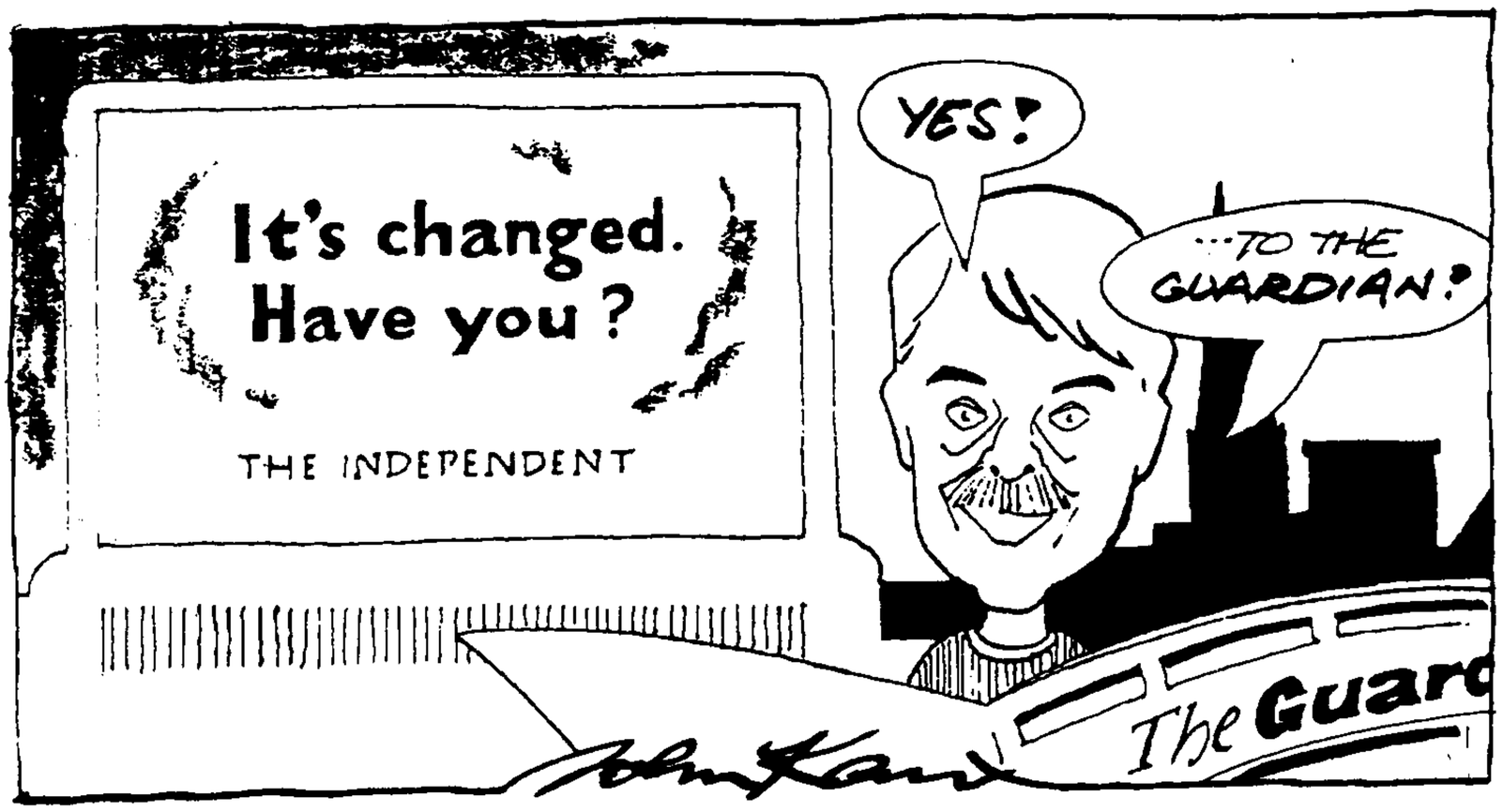
But the societies retaliated with a threat to cut back on their huge advertising spend in the *Daily* and *Sunday Express* unless Day recanted. The advertising staff saw their bonuses flying out of the window of the Grey Lubyanka. So they forced Day to grovel in person to the building societies.

MANAGERIAL whizzkids at the *Daily Telegraph* have come up with a brilliant scheme to halt the disastrous slump in profits. In future, each member of staff will be issued with one paper napkin with his or her lunch. It seems that some greedy hacks had been thoughtlessly helping themselves to two, or even three.

Peter Lohmeyer, the German general manager who is unaffectionately known as Herr Flick, is now expected to turn his attention to the all-important question of loo paper. His lieutenants have apparently noticed that the *Daily Torygraph* is just as absorbent as Andrex — and far cheaper.

FOGEYISH hack Stephen Glover writes a surprisingly sympathetic piece for the *Sunday Telegraph* magazine about the hip-and-happening *Modern Review*. "I confess to a weakness for Julie Burchill," he explains, "which may be attributable to a film called *Prince* which Julie wrote about her childhood as the only daughter of a Stalinist shop steward in Bristol. It was a very good film, and when people run down Julie, as they quite often do, I always mention this."

What he forgets to mention is that the film starred an actress called Celia Montague — who happens to be Stephen Glover's wife.



POOR Frank Field. Having been ordered by Tony Blair to "go away and think the unthinkable" on welfare reform, Field is now doing precisely that: thinking about the dumping of his ideas and the eventual dumping of himself — unless he jumps ship in advance.

The brainy Field has become an early victim of a whispering campaign initiated by the dull social security secretary Harriet Harman, who has taken to remonstrating with hacks who interview Field — officially her deputy — instead of her.

Harman may have difficulty in adding up, but she has plenty of experience in the black arts. She also benefits from the protection of chancellor Gordon Brown, who would rather be able to tell Harman what to do than have to explain to Field what he would like him to do — and then have Field refuse to do it.

PRIME Minister Tony Blair and his "special" advisers are far from popular with senior Labour councillors, particularly those in the West of Scotland.

A new ethos appears to have been adopted by old hands at the Convention of Scottish Local Authorities (COSLA), who are asking: why don't we go it alone and start an independent Scottish Labour party?

Any such rebellion would be a rearguard action — an initiative to break free and do as they like, pretending the catalogue of scandals in Paisley, Glasgow, and Monklands councils never happened. Realistically, Blair, Cook, Brown and Dewar would probably open the champagne cheer if any such move by the dinosaurs occurred.

STILL reeling from their disastrous election and referendum campaigns, deflated Scottish Tories were heartened to receive a stern message from Sir Adrian Shinwell, new chairman of the Tory candidates board, who proclaimed that "highest standards" will be demanded from would-be MPs and that anyone bringing the party into disrepute would be "severely dealt with".

By coincidence Sir Ade's disciplinary missive was accompanied by a second letter — in the same envelope — from current party boss Raymond Robertson inviting long-suffering grassroots members to contribute to a "thank-you" fund to former Scots Tory chairman Sir Michael Hirst, noting that the party owed him "a great deal of gratitude" and praising him for his "outstanding service".

This cannot be the same Sir Mickey who quit before the general election amid allegations of a gay affair (see *Eye* 923) and whose claim that fellow Tories had spread "poison" about him later sparked the internecine feud that is currently raging north of the border? As Scots voters might say: "Yes! Yes!"

VOTERS who thought they had seen the last of the Tories north of the border — in particular, hardline anti-devolutionaries like former Scottish secretary Michael Forsyth; Ian Lang; Lord James Douglas Hamilton; Sir Michael Hirst; Phil Gallie; Raymond Robertson; Bill Walker; and the disgraced former member for Eastwood, Allan Stewart — may have to think again.

It appears a substantial number of these long-standing unionists have suddenly undergone an odd conversion — a born-again belief in a future Scottish parliament. This has nothing to do with the fact that proportional representation (PR) forecasters reckon Scottish Tories will gain around 22 seats under the proposed Additional Members (AM) "second choice" rule.

Given the obvious danger for those standing on a Tory ticket, there are no prizes for guessing who will opt for an AM nomination — thus ensuring an £81,000 salary from the Scottish parliament they once condemned.

STILL in Scotland, contrary to the wishes of Labour's national executive committee Renfrewshire West MP Tommy Graham came out of hiding and held an impromptu press conference in a park near his Linwood home in which, appearing close to tears, he categorically denied he had ever time bad-mouthed the late MP Gordon McMaster.

Lambasting the Paisley paparazzi, Graham claimed hacks "followed my sons round the streets of Linwood morning and night". Choking back tears he concluded: "If I get my hands on them they'll hear it from Tommy Graham!"

RED FACES in the constituency office of Paul Flynn, Labour MP for Newport West, after newspaper reports that a Teletext poll to predict the Welsh referendum result had been rigged.

Interestingly, 57 "yes" votes were recorded as coming from a phone at Flynn's HQ. And another poll for the *South Wales Argus* to gauge feeling on a Welsh assembly received seven calls from Flynn's small office — all voting "yes".

THE news that nurse Lucille McLauchlan is to serve eight years in a Saudi jail and endure 500 lashes is posing particular problems for Ernie Ross, Labour MP for McLauchlan's home constituency of Dundee West.

Ross runs Labour's Middle East Council with equally strong arm tactics and is a regular supplicant of the Saudis. The council is funded by the Arab League, which is in turn funded by King Fahd. Ross has been frantically lobbying the grizzly royals for mercy and needs to justify to his constituents decades of slavish pro-Arab activities...

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

We will be a more respected party if we show integrity — and firm proposals for underpinning this will be included in the "green paper", making clear that we will not tolerate misconduct by individuals which brings our whole party into disrepute.

CECIL PARKINSON
Independent

ONE "new" Labour missionary to the Lib Dem's Eastbourne jamboree was austere chief secretary to the treasury Alistair Darling. The ambitious Edinburgh MP even shaved off his stubble for the occasion and warned the sandal wearers that their spending demands were reminiscent of the wish-lists paraded by the "Hard Left in the 1980s".

Some in the audience immediately wondered if the cleanshaven Alistair Darling could in any way be related to the bearded Alistair Darling who caused Neil Kinnock to explode "not that bloody Trot" when Roy Hattersley timorously asked if the ambitious young Darling might be appointed to a shadow ministerial team.

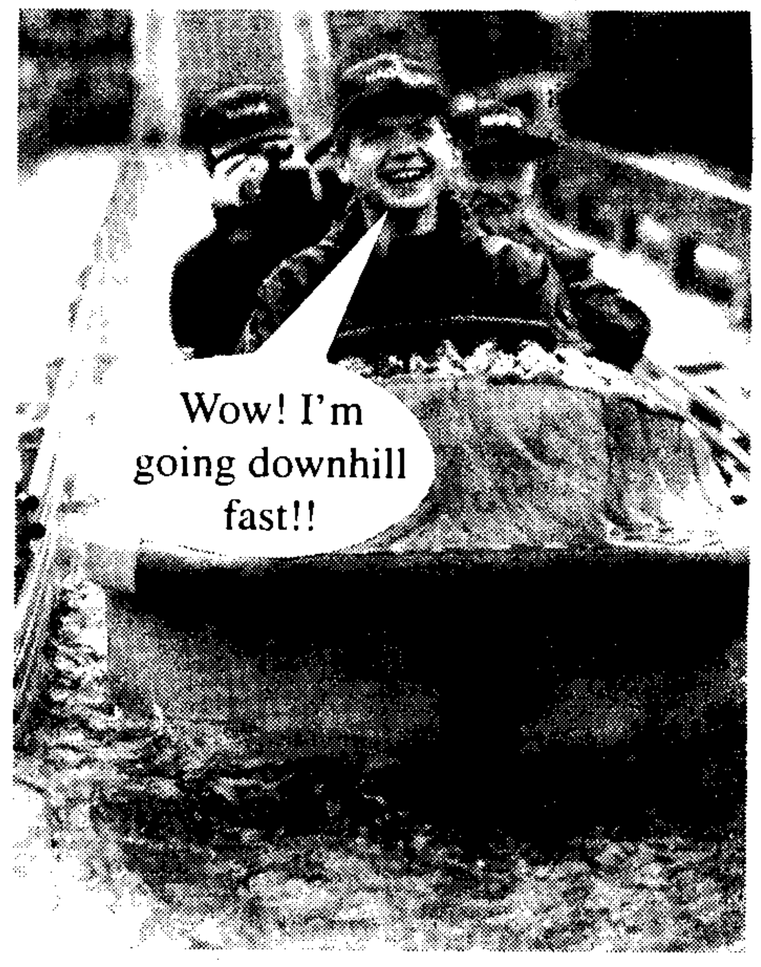
AFTER the bizarre appointments of Alan Duncan and Cecil Parkinson, Tory leader William Hague has made another dazzling signing: Matthew Banks, who will help with candidate selection and training.

How Banks will train eager young Tories is unclear. He lasted one parliament in his Southport seat before he was defeated in May by Ronnie Fearn with a majority of more than 6,000. Fearn, a pensioner, was generally agreed to have twice Banks's vitality, despite the age gap.

Banks kept busy as a constituency MP as a paid lobbyist to Middle Eastern potentates, notably Sheik Makhtoum, via his private company LBJ Ltd which he started while working as parliamentary researcher for Cecil Franks MP. He chose not to declare the clients of LBJ Ltd in the last session of parliament — rather strange since he had done so the year before and has recently boasted to the *Liverpool Daily Post* that he works as an "unpaid advisor to several Middle Eastern governments".

Banks's final act as an MP was to launch an adjournment debate on the Middle East in which his oleaginous remarks about the area's wonderful "democracy" were of course completely unaffected by his close business links with the region.

HAGUE ON SLIDE



NOT ALL politicians were able to observe the short ceasefire between the parties following the death of the Princess of Wales.

North Essex Conservative MP Bernard Jenkin (son of former Thatcher minister Patrick) even managed to make political capital by issuing a statement on the eve of the funeral condemning Colchester Liberal Democrats for going ahead with a barn dance that day.

In fact, across the country many events were moved to the Friday because of the funeral. But the humbug of Bernard was fully exposed when it was pointed out that Colchester Conservative Club was open for business on Friday — and then kept its doors open while the funeral was taking place.

I have no objection whatsoever to gay Cabinet ministers. But it is perhaps ill-advised of Mr Smith to permit his friend to gush about their affair — including how they were once caught kissing a restaurant.

Sunday Express

THE Tory party may be more or less completely dead in present form, but there are still odd twitches of life out on the right field thanks to the Boadicea of Billericay, Teresa Gorman.

Now that the Scots and Welsh have been offered their own talking shops, Gorman thinks John Bull deserves a shout and has secured an early hearing when the House resumes for a 10-minute rule bill calling for the setting up an *English* parliament. The truck driver's sweetheart thinks it's a "bloody cheek" for the Taffs and Jocks to want parliaments of their own "after all we've done for them".

In addition, the HRT champion is so disenchanted with William Hague that she — a Kenneth Clark voter — is even starting to pine for Chris Patten. If a head of steam builds up for Patten on the shores of the right, the former Hongkong governor could be home and dry.

MEMBERS of the shadow cabinet who worry that William Hague doesn't know the facts of life — even though he intends to share a bed with his fiancée Ffion Jenkins in Blackpool next week — should rest assured.

When he was president of the Oxford Union in 1981 he was also briefly president of The Union Society. He tried to boost membership by promising the showing of X-rated porn movies, including *Electric Blue 005*. This was, by all accounts, a terrific member booster — but will it work on the blue rinse brigade?

TONY BLAIR has outraged the luvvies of Chiantishire by his treatment of a teenager who was sent to buy him a new pair of shoes during the summer holidays.

Benedict Goodall, son of a British family resident in San Gimignano, was invited with other expats to meet the Blair tribe at the handsome Tuscan villa owned by Geoffrey Robinson MP, the paymaster-general. The prime minister explained forlornly that he was longing to play tennis but had forgotten to bring his trainers with him — whereupon the youth was despatched to the local shop to buy some. He was also asked to buy some towels, another necessity which the First Family had carelessly overlooked.

According to the Tuscan rumour-machine, Blair has yet to reimburse young Benedict for his tennis-shoes. "How on earth did you find out about that?" said Benedict's sister, Francesca Goodall, when the *Eye* contacted her. "I think they will be paid for, but I don't know how."

Within hours, however, the story had changed. Benedict Goodall rang the *Eye* to assure us that he was not out of pocket: "The money was provided by Geoffrey Robinson." So that's all right then. But why does the PM expect his ministers to buy his leisurewear for him?

THE exotic Alan Duncan, PPS to William Hague and the Tories' answer to Peter "Mandy" Mandelson, was in fine form for one of the last prime minister's question times before the recess.

There was much joshing across the floor, and Duncan's former flatmate Hague landed at least one corker on Blair. This excited Duncan no end. "That one got you, bitch boy!" he exclaimed.

'Backbiter'

RAMCO MEETS RAMBO

WHAT has happened to Malcolm Rifkind, the former foreign secretary, since he vanished without trace after being trounced in the general election? The answer, of course, is that like his defeated colleague Michael Portillo he has gone to work for the oil industry.

His main job is as a director of the Aberdeen-based oil firm Ramco Energy. On 19 September, Rifkind was in Tbilisi, Georgia, with his chairman Steven Remp and other Ramco directors. Rifkind's influence as a former foreign secretary helped the delegation to secure separate meetings with the Georgian president Edward Shevardnadze, and his foreign minister Irakli Menagharishvili.

Both meetings were cordial in the extreme. Georgian Radio reported that "Ramco Energy's success in signing a joint agreement with the Georgian state oil company would give impetus to British companies to get involved in the development of the Georgian economy". The report went on: "Proceeding from the principles of the market economy, it was stressed that Gt Britain and Georgia should cooperate in top priority spheres such as transport, energy and communications."

One subject in which cooperation was not discussed was genocide. Human rights groups throughout the world have been harshly critical of the Georgian government's treatment of small minorities, notably the 100,000 Abkhazians who occupy a small self-contained area of western Georgia. During the short war which followed the 1992 Georgian invasion of Abkhazia, Shevardnadze's minister for Abkhazian affairs, Giorgi Khaindrava, announced: "All it takes to destroy the genetic stock of the Abkhazians is to kill 15,000 of their young — we were perfectly capable of this." Similar ethnic cleansing speeches were made by Georgian generals at the time. They were welcomed by the Georgian president who campaigns against separatism with all the ruthless enthusiasm of that other great Georgian, J.V. Stalin. Shevardnadze is a favourite of the British foreign office. When he came on an official visit to Britain in 1995, when Rifkind was foreign secretary, he was afforded the two highest FO accolades: a speech at Chatham House and tea with the Queen. No doubt he now reckons he can rely for any new ethnic cleansing escapades in Abkhazia and other minority areas on the support of Ramco Energy and their friends in the FO.

Rotten Boroughs

Glasgow

SINCE Labour has declined to reveal the specific allegations against its suspended councillors in Glasgow, the *Eye* is happy to produce an aide memoire for the party's constitution committee which will be kept busy examining the following claims:

- That a female councillor assaulted an official in a pub.
- That "special affairs" (invited gatherings) in chambers were paid for from the city's £8m Common Good Fund.
- That a female councillor was £4,000 behind with her rent; three others owed £6,000 in unpaid bills and none was evicted yet 224 tenants were booted out of council homes the previous year for, er, rent arrears (and intimidated by councillors to boot).
- That community transport services were slashed to save £700,000 — as the council spent £810,000 on cars (including two stretch limos, a Roller, four six-seater Citroens and three black taxis.
- That despite cutbacks, councillors, their spouses and officials still motored to the Edinburgh Tattoo and a six-course dinner for 24 in chauffeured limos (alleged cost: £12,000).
- That votes were traded for trips abroad, and party contributions were paid en bloc by councillors on behalf of the unwaged.

Family values 1

AFTER cleaning up Glasgow, Labour will turn its attention a few miles north-west of the city to West Dunbartonshire.

The last *Eye* revealed that much of the £140,000 of public money the Labour council paid to West Dumbarton Activity Centre has gone missing, and more examples of gross incompetence are now emerging.

The centre was run by John O'Malley, who more than doubled his £12,684 wage by authorising his own overtime payments. Council chief executive Michael Watters has found that Mrs O'Malley (relation) ran the bar; that council booze was sold illegally at private functions — dances, christenings, funeral receptions, galas, etc — but no record has been found of income or expenditure.

Why didn't the centre's management committee step in? Readers and taxpayers could ask committee members Esther O'Malley (John O'Malley's sister); Mrs M. Gregg (also John's sister); Ian Devlin (John's son-in-law); Gordon Casey (John's brother-in-law); or Yvonne Harrison (John's sister-in-law).

If they get no joy here, they can always ask the centre's leisure attendant Gerard Brown (John's son-in-law) or one of the other leisure attendants, James O'Malley (er, John's son).

Family values 2

MORE from Enfield where a huge housing development by Fairview Homes on a polluted former Ministry of Defence ordnance site is being fiercely opposed by locals.

Cllr Richard Course, chair of the environment committee, raised hackles by calling protestors "unwashed, hysterical, hate-filled women" (see last *Eye*). One has since complained that he insulted her by telling committee members when she left the room that "she's forgotten her broomstick".

Happily the council enjoys a more cordial relationship with the developer, who wants to build 1,300 homes on the Royal Small Arms factory site at Enfield Lock. Borough planning officer Martin Jewell left the council in the spring to become planning director with... Fairview (which said it only approached Mr Jewell after he left the council). Mr Jewell's son also works for Fairview.

Meanwhile coarse-mouthed Mr Course, chair of the committee that dealt with the planning application, has a daughter who works for Fairview. He stood down when Fairview was discussed.

Somerset

THE good news for Somerset taxpayers is that council tax bills for 1997-98 have been reduced following government capping — and the bad news is that the county council is now asking residents for a "voluntary contribution to protect essential services" to make up the difference.

Of course there's no suggestion that those taxpayers who fork out will receive preferential treatment from Somerset county council, nor that the size of "voluntary" contributions will be logged at county hall in Taunton. Generous taxpayers will be pleased to know they can insist that their contribution is spent only on education or social services — an illegal practice which the district auditor will be interested to hear about.

Stockton

WHEN Stockton council leader Bob Gibson was investigated by police for allegedly breaching local government guidelines, his deputy Peter Andrew announced: "Bob Gibson is a very decent, clean bloke. I've known him for years and I'm certain he will be vindicated. I'd put my bloody mortgage on Bob being totally cleared of any wrongdoing."

Er, while Cllr Andrew looks for a new mortgage, Gibson has been convicted by magistrates of four counts of failing to declare a pecuniary interest when making a planning decision about his then employer, Crosby Sarek. He was fined £800 plus £140 costs, after the courts found that he used his position with the council to safeguard his job with the struggling company.

When the firm moved to a new, smaller site it tried to get the council to buy its old site. Gibson chaired council meetings which dealt with the application and failed to declare an interest. The company wasn't too impressed either, and has since laid him off.

Despite the public ignominy, Gibson has remained leader and is resisting all attempts at being budged. Even more surprisingly, the squeaky-clean Labour government has made little fuss about the scandal — perhaps due to Stockton's proximity to the constituencies of T. Blair (Sedgefield) and P. Mandelson (Hartlepool).

HUSBAND

EYE TV

Crime Beat (BBC1)

Omnibus (BBC1)

A Perfect Day (BBC1/2)

EVERYONE knows the BBC doesn't run commercials. But, sometimes, knowledge has to be revised in the face of new information. For a non-commercial network, the BBC these days runs an awful lot of ads.

Crime Beat is a joint advertisement for the British police force and for Martyn Lewis's ideas about the coverage of news. Lewis once notoriously declared that there should be more "good news" in bulletins. Subsequently, events have rather conspired against him in the regular news bulletins and his mission to uplift has been forced to find other outlets in the schedules.

Cynics who had lived in modern Britain for more than a few days were surprised when Lewis signed up for a police series. When, after all, can crime be regarded as good news? But this was to underestimate the sentimental evangelist of Wood Lane. Where the morbid and sensationalist *Crime Watch* suggests that it would be unwise for the viewer to leave the house, Lewis's series is so upbeat about clear-up rates that you consider leaving the front door on the latch overnight. Though ungrammatical, the series title is a pun. Like those pop song titles which begin with a bracket, it should really read: *(We've Got) Crime Beat.*

At the top of the show, Lewis reads headlines which would have embarrassed *Community Policing Monthly*. "In the North Sea, drug smugglers set fire to their own boat as they try to evade capture!... In Glasgow, heroin-smugglers are caught in the act... In London, police officers are on the offensive targeting the pushers — as residents fight to reclaim their communities..."

And, at Wood Lane, Martyn Lewis is totally ignoring the BBC's rules of journalistic objectivity. The Scotland Yard promo-video approach is so total that Lewis's links recorded on location often feature a copper or two standing in the background of the shot. Hilariously, the result is to give the impression to anyone who didn't know him that Lewis is a dangerous criminal.

In the same week that *Crime Beat* began, there were two other examples of closet advertising at the BBC. Continuing a worrying recent trend of using BBC shows to promote other BBC shows, an **Omnibus** documentary "examined" the comedy of Reeves & Mortimer. Oddly, this hour-long puff was screened in the week that the latest series of *Shooting Stars* began on BBC2. It's possible to argue that *Omnibus* is essentially a series of adverts anyway — for the Royal Academy "Sensation" exhibition, for the latest book by whoever — but for the programmes to become confused with the trailers between them is surely even worse.

The BBC was forced by legal action to acknowledge in its on-screen ads for *Radio Times* that "other listings magazines are available". And there's a risk now — morally if not legally — that the tendency to advertise itself will undermine its case for being non-commercial.

Currently showing between programmes is an epic five-minute promo in which musical superstars — including Lou Reed, Elton, Bowie, Bono, Leslie Garrett, Tom Jones and Dr John — sing single lines of Reed's *A Perfect Day*. The idea is to show the range of music broadcast on the BBC and — through the repetition of the song's line "I'm glad I spent it with you" — to thank the viewers for paying for it all.

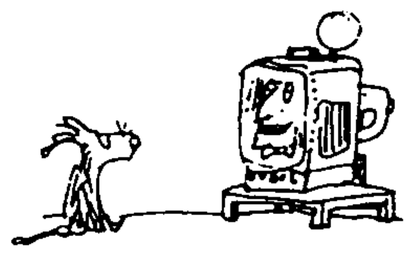
There are two problems with this. The first — as with similar efforts featuring comedians and actors — is that the viewer may become uncomfortably aware that these people urging the viewer to go on forking out their fistful of twenties for the licence fee always seem to be millionaires themselves. The second is that, not surprisingly, the novelty song has proved so popular it will soon be released on disc: proceeds to the BBC Children In Need appeal.

When the national lottery was established, arts groups expressed the fear that this new source of cash would weaken the commitment to state funding. In the same way, some will wonder how smart it is for the BBC to demonstrate its ability to raise vast sums for charity. In the bloke-filled rooms of the think tanks, the calculations will be made. If the BBC is able to run so many adverts for itself then why (and here the *Radio Times* ruling will be cited) should it not run ads for others? If the BBC is so good at raising money for other worthwhile causes, why should it not shake the tin for itself?

Moving and beautiful though the BBC version of *A Perfect Day* may be, more pessimistic viewers will think during it of those American public service networks which screen regular celebrity telethons to raise the cash to keep the cameras rolling.

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS



BRITISH hacks are enjoying a bumper pay-day thanks to the current American obsession with all things royal following the death of the princess and the appearance of Kitty Kelley's book, *The Royals*.

One foreign correspondent on the *Daily Telegraph*, who has scarcely written a word about the royal family in his life, confessed last week that he had made £1,000 by pontificating on American TV chat-shows.

Still, the hacks certainly earn their fees. To do a live broadcast from London for a mid-evening show in the United States, they must somehow stay awake until the early hours of the morning — an ordeal which requires constant infusions of firewater. Andrew Roberts, a pinguid pundit from the *Sunday Times*, appeared on MSNBC the other night after spending the evening propping up the bar at Annabel's nightclub. His histrionic performance, which included a most entertaining attack on Earl Spencer, achieved the highest audience rating in the station's history — and prompted a fellow-guest to comment, on air, that Roberts was "obviously feeling very emotional".

Another of MSNBC's "experts" in London, Sloaney hackette Victoria Mather, is billed as "royal correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*" — which she is not. After a particularly wild late-night broadcast by Mather last week, one English expat in New York complained that viewers might get the impression that English hacks were "permanently pissed".

The one beacon of sobriety has been Lord Archer, or "Lord Jeffrey" as the Yanks call him, who appeared on John Siegenthaler's mid-evening show via satellite link-up in his new capacity as Diana's best friend. While waiting to go on air, one of the guests in the New York studio — *Grauniad* hackette Joanna Coles — treated Siegenthaler to a resumé of the gorier details of Archole's career, including his involvement in cash-stuffed envelope assignations at Victoria station and inspired share-dealings in Anglia TV. "He's such a sleazebag, no one takes him seriously in Britain," she declared.

Alas! Only then did she discover that the microphones were switched on — and that Lord Jeffrey, thousands of miles away in the London studio, had heard every word.

FULL marks to Sky TV for its discreet and tasteful reaction to the Diana tragedy.

For the past few weeks the channel has been running a trailer for forthcoming films. Half-way through, a voice asks "How's your mother?" to which the response is: "Dead!"

Two days after the fatal accident, this was edited out — no doubt as a mark of respect etc etc. But even grief has its limits: the missing Q&A routine has now been restored.

EFFORTS to calm broadcasters' nerves after their star-studded mutiny against the latest Birtian plan for a streamlined (ie cheap and repetitive) news service have been cruelly dashed.

Shortly after announcing that the cause of the trouble — a plan to do away with individual programme editors — was to be withdrawn, chairman of the governors Sir Christopher "Pigling" Bland telephoned Richard Clommow, the man who was to introduce the reforms, to explain the change of policy: "Keep the faith", he told his much reassured news boss.

Meanwhile staff at White City are preparing to shift their furniture to make room for hacks from Broadcasting House, due to be handed to the absurdly grand Will Wyatt, head of BBC Broadcast, next April. This move, they are told, will save £200,000 a year for five years — ie £1m. At the same time management spin-doctors at BH are telling newshounds the cost of the move itself will be no more than £1m — ie it will mean a total saving of precisely, er, 0 pence.

THE reception area at Broadcasting House, ancient home of BBC radio, has had an expensive facelift. Whereas it used to be festooned with pictures celebrating the glorious history of wireless, there is now no mention of radio anywhere.

This is no accident. John Birt's ultimate aim is to rid the building of broadcasters and turn it into luxury offices for his vast army of consultants, accountants and paper-clip operatives.

To make space for more bureaucrats, he has ordered producers in BBC Radio's features department to move to Brock House, an office block round the corner. At the same time programme-makers in science and arts are to be exiled to White City.

Brock House and White City have one thing in common: neither of them has any radio studios.

WHEN BBC director-general John Birt visited his Manchester outpost recently, a floral display in reception was the only sign to most staff that their beloved ruler had visited.

Although Birt's schedule was deemed too full to meet hoi polloi, he did hold a quick Question & *Arslikhan* session with managers. Not surprisingly, it did not raise any great controversy.

The managers were also terrified that Birt would spot staff noticeboards overflowing with articles questioning whether he really deserved a 20 percent pay rise when most staff had received only 2.6 percent. But a solution was found: whenever Birt approached one of the offending boards, grovelling suits leapt in front of them, just managing to obscure their staff's critical opinions from the great man.

"BONKING" Rod Lynch has been enjoying his position as BBC head of resources, jetting off to Amsterdam for an international awards ceremony for technological achievement, presented by BBC journalist John Simpson.

To the delight of Lynch, who was hosting a table at the ceremony, the Beeb's new internal news system was up for "newsroom system of the year award". Alas his delight was shortlived. Simpson read out the Beeb's nomination — and promptly told a laughing audience he had been sent on two courses to teach him how the technology works but he still couldn't grasp the incredibly complex system.

The BBC did not win the award.

A RECENT issue of *Minx*, a new magazine aimed at young adults (ie post-pubescent teenaged girls) included helpful advice for anyone on the threshold of womanhood: a three-page article on the crotches of well-known male personalities; and advice on how to have a one-night stand without being murdered.

This latter article said that one thing a girl should avoid are those "who subscribe to gun magazines". *Minx* of course comes from the EMAP stable, until very recently publisher of *Sporting Gun*, the well-established magazine for those with an interest in dead corvids (now, incidentally published by IPC, whose titles for young girls have also jumped on the bandwagon of kneejerk anti-shooting sentiment).

CHARITY NEWS

MEMBERS and supporters of the British section of Amnesty International, which campaigns for political prisoners and against torture, were surprised to get in the post a puff for Amnesty Annual Travel Insurance, which offers excellent terms to travellers for insuring life and limb.

Policy holders get a free subscription to Amnesty; car insurance is also on offer; and the small print reveals that this is a "joint venture" between Amnesty and ITT London & Edinburgh. The venture doesn't seem all that "joint". All Amnesty get is £5 per policy flogged.

No doubt older Amnesty hands will be trying to forget the controversy in the 1970s over ITT's involvement in the overthrow of an elected government in Chile and its replacement by a military dictatorship which imprisoned about 70,000 political dissidents, murdered many of them and subjected most of the rest to systematic torture.

SPOOKS & SPOOKMEN

MI5's stalking of *Guardian* journalist Victoria Brittain seems curious to those who recall the Namibian crisis when SWAPO East German-trained security troops murdered many hundreds of young liberation fighters who deserted the "freedom" movement's autocratic leadership.

Many UK-based liberals refused to believe the early reports of this in the late 80s. Some ex-SWAPO detainees came to Britain to tell of their experiences and called a press conference. One woman journalist, known for her anti-colonial, progressive views, came, listened with growing impatience and then flounced out angrily. Not a word appeared in her paper.

The woman? Victoria Brittain, who was unwittingly the subject of surveillance and snooping by the British security services at the time. She can be grateful she wasn't investigated by their Namibian counterparts, now running Namibia, whose inquiries would have been more hands-on.

A MOST eloquent rhapsody has appeared on the Nationwide Football League website, which can normally be relied upon for dull bulletins on players' ligaments and groin strains.

"Mohamed Al Fayed owns the world's most famous and traditional store, and the tiny football club on its doorstep... But when Al Fayed splashed out £30 million to take control of the club in May he signalled that he had a footballing dream of his own, and that he was willing to lavish his riches on fulfilling it.

"That dream is to make Fulham, tiny, forgotten Fulham, 'the Manchester United of the South'.

"For most men, that would seem impossible. But Mohamed Al Fayed is the man who took Harrods out of English hands and then became more British than most of the people born here.

"With him, anything really is possible. The money is there, the inspirational figurehead too. The dream is truly alive."

Phew! Do we, perchance, detect the golden prose of Fayed's adoring lieutenant, Michael "Football Crazy" Cole?

LEGAL NEWS

EARS pricked up at the Equal Opportunities Commission (EOC) at news of an industrial tribunal over equal pay. Penelope Taylor was taking on her employer, the Association of Teachers and Lecturers, claiming that male colleagues earned more than her.

The EOC is anxiously awaiting the tribunal chairman's decision, as is the lecturers' association and its general-secretary Peter Smith. Smith must be especially interested: he is also a member of... the Equal Opportunities Commission!

POPEYE

GEARHOUSE, a tiny firm that hires out lights and sound equipment for pop concerts recently took advantage of a rally in its share price to announce a £6.3m cash call at 250p.

Just a month ago such a price would have been unthinkable as the shares stood at only 240p. But luckily for Gearhouse, Nick Fletcher of the *Express on Sunday* had given it a massive write-up on 24 August claiming it would earn millions from a string of big pop concerts. Lucky also that Neil Thapar wrote enthusiastically in the *Mail on Sunday* on 14 September claiming that "the City could really, really want Gearhouse".

Both articles surely helped push shares sharply higher. But they were objective pieces: neither hack has been influenced by Gearhouse's lavish hospitality — especially not before, during or after the sell out concert by U2 at Wembley on 23 August.

RCA, part of the giant Bertelsmann Music Group, is busy pushing a new single by David Bowie — *Seven Years In Tibet*, "inspired by the book of the same name by the German mountaineer and Olympic ski champion, Heinrich Harrer".

But why release the CD now rather than in a couple of months' time when Sony releases a film of the same name starring Brad Pitt as Harrer? After all, the record biz is generally desperate for film tie-ins with which to boost sales of related "product".

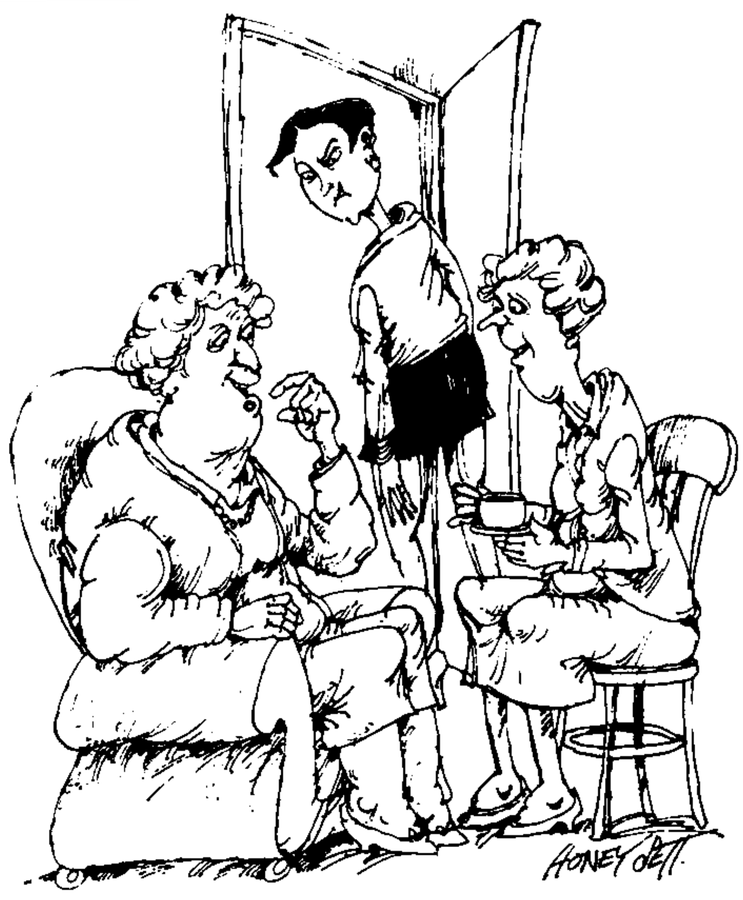
One possible explanation is that since the film (and the music, and the book of the film, etc) were completed, Harrer has been revealed as a former member of the Waffen SS and committed Nazi. Releasing the CD now might avoid the horrible publicity which will accompany (and probably wreck) Pitt's movie.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

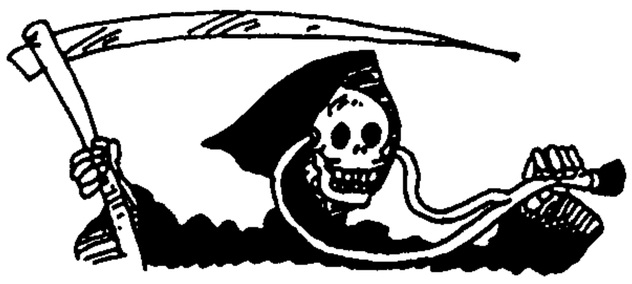
BARONESS Thatcher, who knighted John Junor, was unable to attend his memorial service and sent Denis instead. Perhaps she was too busy preparing the important speech she will soon deliver in Dallas to the International Sanitary Supply Association.

The association, which is excitedly sending out details of the event, reveals that when the association's president Jerome Rau met Lady T he confessed to her: "It's not easy to make the cleaning and maintenance business glamorous."

But then, according to the association, "without missing a beat, Thatcher pointed to the floor and said... 'but very essential'. It was then that he knew the Association had made the right choice for Keynote speaker."



"A sure way to stop her getting a stud in her lip was to get one in mine"



DOING THE ROUNDS

Prostate Trouble

PHILIP DUNN, secretary of the reputable Prostate Help Association (Langworth, Lincoln LN3 5DF), has rightly seen red over two disreputable advertisements doing the rounds in national and local papers.

Both appeared on the same page of an Age Concern newspaper, one as an advertising feature about a "Mack Odegaard, 48, from Moreton-in-Marsh" (sic), who found an unspecified "all natural answer" to his prostate problems.

The other is an advert for Prost-8 tablets, a herbal remedy as used by Mack Odegaard, 48, and marketed by N.H.S. PO Box 64, Chichester, W. Sussex, PO19 2NY. The latter, in common with many health product advertisements in the press, has no scientific justification at all. The ad feature, however, is an even worse deceit of vulnerable men.

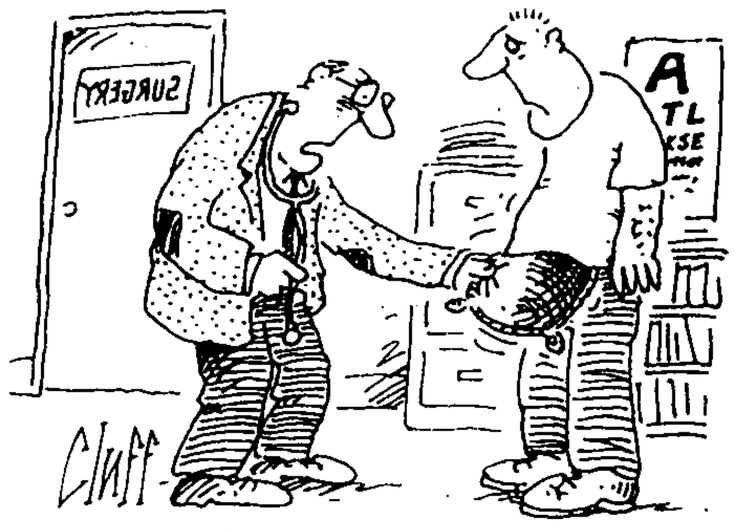
Mr Odegaard, according to the feature, suffered from benign prostatic hypertrophy (BPH) from the age of 33. While this is not unheard of in one so young, the "five years of constant prostate pain" he endured makes it far more likely he was suffering from an inflamed, rather than enlarged, prostate (if indeed Mr Odegaard exists at all). A blatant lie follows. "If BPH is left untreated, it can rapidly progress to prostate cancer."

This is just plain wrong — BPH is benign by definition and never progresses to cancer. The lie is then compounded — "Prostate cancer is the number two killer of men in the UK, second only to heart disease." (Actually, the third cause of cancer deaths). Hasty orders for Prost-8 all round. "It gave me total relief from prostate misery in just nine weeks," says Mr Odegaard.

Mr Dunn contacted the Advertising Standards Authority to complain, but the ASA's cumbersome procedures mean the ads could be in circulation for some time. With 2.4 million sufferers of BPH in the UK, they could also cause a lot of damage. Even symptom-free men are targeted — "Waiting until you experience symptoms is unwise as slow-growing tumours can often spread to a fairly advanced stage before they begin to elicit significant symptoms". The suggestion that all men should take Prost-8 and the implied claim that it can reverse prostate cancer as well as BPH have left Mr Dunn in an apoplectic rage.

According to a 1994 Mori poll, 96 percent of men have no idea where the prostate is, what it does and what goes wrong with it, leaving the door wide open to deceit. In short, it sits at the base of the bladder, produces fluid for sperm to swim in and gets bigger with age. The risk of cancer also increases with age, to such an extent that if you live to 100, your chance of having prostate cancer is 100 percent. However, in the two million men over the age of 50 in the UK with prostate cancer, fewer than 1 percent will die from it. The other 99 percent have a mild form of the cancer that gives them no symptoms and will die in blissful ignorance of something completely unrelated.

At present, 10,000 men die each year from a more aggressive form of prostate cancer and, as the population ages, these cancers are on the increase. However, the only test widely available to detect early prostate cancer (the PSA test) isn't very specific. It can't differentiate between the aggressive form (rare) and the milder form (much more common); and it therefore results in a lot of anxiety

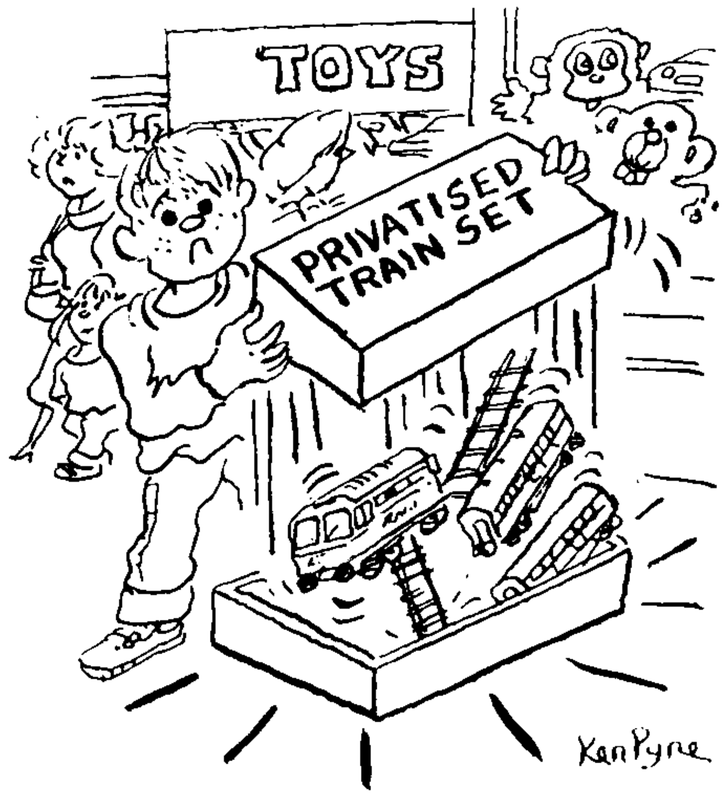


"I'm afraid it's only a phantom beer belly"

and unnecessary painful biopsies in men who have no need to worry. Also, there is as yet no good evidence that treatment of prostate cancer by surgery or radiotherapy improves the outcome. They also have a high incidence of unpleasant side effects (impotence and incontinence).

This led the NHS Centre for Reviews and Dissemination to advise against a national PSA screening programme for the over 50s earlier this year. Some urologists disagree with the decision. They cite the fact that both cervical and breast screening were introduced without good evidence that they would reduce death rates, and that it took many years for that evidence to accumulate. More precise surgery and targeted radiotherapy should reduce the side effects of treatment and a new PSA test may soon be able to pick out the more aggressive tumours. Whether cash-starved health authorities will fund surgery of these tumours without clear evidence that patients live longer is unclear. But it's a better bet than forking out on Prost-8.

M.D.



SIGNAL FAILURES

Focus on the Southall train crash

THE prompt arrest on suspicion of manslaughter of one of the train drivers in the Southall crash reflects a new culture which has made the railways much safer — for senior managers and shareholders.

A typical rail accident involves a number of contributory factors besides the fault which finally caused it. In the past the emphasis after an accident was on identifying all the factors and updating nationwide safety procedures to try to ensure the same thing didn't happen again. For investigators to uncover all the factors it was essential staff involved could talk freely — unlikely when Knacker tells you anything you say might be used in evidence against you.

Some probable contributory factors at Southall have already been revealed. The abandoning of the automatic train protection (ATP) programme to release money for privatisation (see *Eyes passim*) is one — a case of the railway not taking a step forward. Another likely factor — running a high-speed train on which the automatic warning system (AWS) was not working — seems to show the railway stepping *backwards*. British Rail rules expressly prevented trains running without operational AWS; where this was unavoidable, a second driver had to ride in the cab and double-check each signal. This rule seems to have been jettisoned in the switch to private profit-driven operations.

Rail safety is now controlled by a complex process called safety validation, developed by safety consultants essentially as feather bedding for rail managers and shareholders in private rail companies. It allows the buck to be passed to the lowest possible level, and can even work against genuine rail safety (as when Railtrack refused to certify new trains so leaving passengers to ride in old, non-crashworthy ones).

An early instance of the new buck-passing regime followed the Cowden accident (see *Eyes passim*) for which a dead train driver was deemed "wholly responsible". This conclusion allowed managers and politicians who had sanctioned a number of contributory factors to get away scot free and, more importantly, resulted in some of those factors remaining in place in various parts of the country ready for another accident.

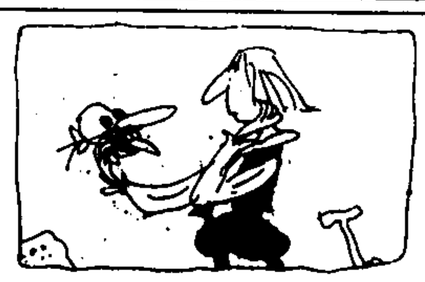
The post-Southall witchhunt coincides eerily with publication of *On and Off the Rails* by Peter Rayner, a former BR operations manager who was responsible for safety on a large chunk of the network. The author recalls how he quickly extracted vital information from a train driver called Shaw shortly after a huge crash at Colwich, Staffordshire, in 1986. The information gained resulted in amended safety procedures. "Driver Shaw helped me to ascertain the cause but I am conscious that if the accident had occurred 10 years later he would have been likely to have to face a manslaughter charge and would not have been able to help professional people unravel the cause."

Rayner was kicked out of the railways for opposing the replacement of a time-honoured military-style safety regime — where the lines of responsibility were clear — with a privatised system where different organisations would be responsible for certain areas, where the boundaries of responsibility would be murky, and where the priority for each company (and individual) in the wake of an accident would be to avoid incriminating itself and attempt to pin the blame on someone else.

His fears have already been confirmed. Despite the official line that nothing could be said publicly about Southall while investigations were underway, the media were soon reporting that Railtrack was not to blame because there was nothing wrong with the signalling or track. Last June the internal Railtrack report into the Bexley High Street derailment was "leaked" to the media prior to publication of the official investigators' report, resulting in a local paper carrying the front-page headline: "Operators to blame".

Bexley council wrote to Railtrack expressing concern that once the report had been leaked, Railtrack staff seemed "to have given quite detailed oral briefings to television, newspaper and radio reporters, thereby appearing to ensure the maximum coverage for the internal Railtrack report". As Rayner comments in his book: "Leadership is not about systems to protect managers, it is about being as knowledgeable and as vulnerable as the men and women working the railway and as much at risk as they are. A board standard or group standard is all good stuff but both are only insurance policies, and nothing to do with actually achieving safety of operation".

'Dr B. Ching'



LUVVIES

Q You once compared acting to prostitution — do you still believe that?

A Yes. Being a prostitute you sell your body, which is dangerous, but being an actor you sell your heart, and that's much more dangerous.

RUPERT EVERETT
YOU Magazine (Mail on Sunday)

Submitted by Daniel Marques.

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

NOOKS and CORNERS

IN Manchester, as in London, the IRA has proved to be the developer's best friend. The big bomb that went off in Corporation Street last year damaged the tawdry and disgusting Arndale Centre. Unfortunately some listed buildings were also damaged, and many people with businesses in the Corn Exchange lost their livelihoods. But as Le Corbusier may have said, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs.

In the competition-winning plan by EDAW architects, Manchester is now to have an exciting new city centre with lots of shops and a great new boulevard — New Cathedral Street — connecting St Anne's Church with the cathedral. Before, it was not possible to see one from the other because of tiresome old buildings on a haphazard old street plan. But now, in a concept worthy of Albert Speer, all that will be swept away.

There is just one obstacle, alas, which the bomb failed to solve for architects and planners: a pair of old half-timbered pubs — the Old Wellington Inn, an ancient monument, and the listed Sinclair's Oyster Bar of around 1720 — beside Shambles Square. The Wellington is one of the few remaining relics of medieval Manchester, and it and Sinclair's have survived the Victorians' rebuilding of the city, the Luftwaffe, 1970s redevelopment (when their foundations were raised by 4ft 9ins) and damage by Gerry Adams's bomb. But now they are in the way, and in EDAW's plan would find themselves round the back of an exciting new store for Marks & Spencer — which Messrs M&S don't seem to like.

So, in the vision of Howard Bernstein, Manchester's deputy chief executive, the two pubs are to be dismantled and reerected in Cateaton Street some 200 yards away nearer the cathedral.

Nothing wrong with that, you might suppose. Old timber houses and farm buildings are often preserved by being rebuilt in open-air museums. But in this case demolition is bound to damage the structures and not much original material will survive: the rebuilt pubs will essentially be Disneyland fakes. Besides, the new site allocated for the pubs is *too small*, so the present two contiguous pubs will be split and set at right angles. And this gratuitous removal and mutilation will cost more than £1m.

The real point is that it is *wrong* to move historic buildings anyway. The Wellington and Sinclair's have been *on the same site* for centuries. Thus they have meaning as a landmark. Move them and they are but toys, part of a sham. English Heritage ought to oppose the move tooth and nail, for it goes against the entire philosophy of modern conservation. As article nine of the Burra Charter clearly states: "A building or work should remain in its historical location. The moving of all or part of a building or work is unacceptable unless this is the sole means of ensuring its survival."

The charter says nothing about keeping retail giants like Marks & Sparks happy. Yet the pubs closed last week and demolition begins on 3 October — even though Ancient Monument and listed building consent has yet to be obtained. Well done, Manchester.

'Piloti'

PLUS ÇA CHANGE...

"THE nation mourned. Church services were held in every village, town and city. Eulogies abounded to the King's greatness, wisdom and glory. Voices of dissent were few and private. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt wrote in his diary on the day of the funeral:

Today the King was buried and I hope the country will return to comparative sanity for at present it is in delirium. The absurdities written in every newspaper about him pass belief. He might have been a Solon and a Francis of Assisi combined if characters drawn of him were true. In no print has there been the slightest allusion to Mrs Keppel or to any of the 101 ladies he has loved, or to his gambling or to any of the little vices which made up his domestic life. It is not for me or perhaps any of us to censure him for these pleasant wickednesses, but his was not even in make-believe the life of a saint or of an at all virtuous or respectable man, and according to strict theology he is most certainly at the present moment in hell. Yet all the bishops and priests, Catholic, Protestant and Non-conformist, join in giving him a glorious place in heaven and there were eight miles of his loyal and adoring subjects marching on foot to see him lying in state at Westminster Hall.

For myself I think he performed his duties well. He had a passion for pageantry and ceremonial and dressing up, and he was never tired of putting on uniforms and taking them off, and receiving princes and ambassadors and opening museums and hospitals and attending cattle shows and military shows and shows of every kind, while every night of his life he was to be seen at theatres and operas and music halls. Thus he was always before the public and had come to have the popularity of an actor who plays his part in a variety of costumes and always well."

— Lines on the death of Edward VII from *Mrs Keppel and Her Daughter*, by Diana Souhami, published by Flamingo

EDWINA
NEW TOY-BOY SHOCK

Pseuds Corner

The post-Diana age is the new modern era. And what *The Modern Review* will be doing is addressing the nature of this modernity, its identity, its distinguishing marks.

This modernity will not be about the stale rehearsal of irony, and paradox, and pastiche, but about pleasure and about commitment.

It will be modernity that sets us free.

CHARLOTTE RAVEN
The Modern Review

On long car journeys my family sometimes listens to a tape of Pope John Paul II reciting the Rosary in Latin.

DANIEL JOHNSON
Times

Perri 6 is director of policy and research at Demos. His pamphlet, *Escaping Poverty: From Safety Nets to Networks of Opportunity*, was published on Monday by Demos, 9 Bridewell Place, London EC4V 6AP (price £7.95, plus 60p p&p).

Demos

Taking on in a constellation-pack of new poems the most plural things we live among, the stars, the fine and busy poet Simon Armitage adumbrates that plurality with the very dedication of his new book. This bravura composition lasts a dense, semi-colon-powdered page and a half. It is archaic yet chatty; Leuwenhoekian, certainly double-lensed. Its cod Latin is sophisticatedly silvered by Anglo-Saxon names: "Joties Shaw de Orchard; Michael Shaw; Chris Richardson; Joties Marsden de Well Syke; Joties Holroyd; Willus Hust in jure Eliz. ux ejus; Willus firth de New Inn", and so on for a spray of names that seem like stars in their combinations and groupings that sometimes stand out clearly and are sometimes more obscure, like all patterns we use to interpret the creation, which is after all what poems are. This dedication is of course itself a poem; it reads too like a private scholarly joke.

CANDIA McWILLIAM
Book Review, Independent on Sunday

Natalie Massenet, senior fashion editor at Tatler magazine, spelt out the fickleness of the fashion world. "We had a temporary fling with brown, but it was really a decoy to get us into grey. We never really liked brown, it was all a facade."

Sunday Times

At a time when nodding-dog journalism is falsifying all the evidence, The Modern Review will disclose the Secret History of Contemporary Culture.

Our high production values and arresting design will assist us in our mission to inflame. Situated on the "lifestyle" shelves, The Modern Review will be as beautiful as the idea behind it is bold.

Responsible *and* thrill seeking, we aim to make intelligence as sexy and cool for this generation as style was for the last.

Press release for re-launch of The Modern Review

CONTRIBUTORS: Everyone, Jenny Harrow, James Mackenzie, Carole Angier, Graham Povey, Gnome.

£10 paid for entries.

The People's **Letters**

Issue 933 provoked even more letters from readers than 932 (this time in the ratio of 80:1 in our favour). Thanks.

Anti

...Unlike yourselves I have not found the death of Diana at all humorous. I went to Hyde Park on the day of the funeral and watched silently as the procession went by. I did not take a camera and nor have I ever bought newspapers for stories about the Royals. I was profoundly moved by the whole occasion and that's not a cliché, that's simply a description of how I felt. I am bewildered as to why you feel the need to take the piss out of such emotion. For sure I can see the hypocrisy of the press but this sense of loss has not been driven by the press. Diana wasn't a saint but I would venture to suggest that she did a hell of a lot more for others than you have ever done. In your neglect to even have one line of satire-free sentiment about Diana against all the clever clever diatribe you have revealed yourselves to be as self-righteous as the mainstream press. Good for you if the majority of EYE *readers are in favour of taking the piss out of someone's death. I just wonder whether you would wish a relative of yours to get the same treatment?*

I'm not sure whether I shall be renewing my subscription — at this moment in time I don't particularly like the company I'm keeping...

FRANCIS STUART.

...Having the ratio 10:1 in your favour regarding your viewpoint on the life and death of Diana, Princess of Wales should not make you feel complacent. The vast majority of people who dislike your stance simply will not bother to write in.

My viewpoint regarding Diana, Princess of Wales is exactly the same as Auberon Waugh's, a civilised man who regrettably no longer writes for your magazine...

MRS D. HAKE.

...I did not find EYE *932 at all offensive; I find* EYE *933 considerably so, as was your cynically shifting attitude to Diana when alive. When first married to the Prince of Wales and very much the underdog, you were only too happy to side with her to slag off the Windsors and the monarchy. Then along came the Panorama doc. One can well picture the gasps of editorial astonishment at the* EYE *("This woman is actually becoming popular and even... respected! We can't have that can we...) Thereafter you did nothing but take the piss.*

Points of offensiveness in EYE *933 are almost too numerous to mention. However regarding your swipe at Lord Spencer on p.7, can I point out that the case for a privacy law rests on* ***unsolicited*** *intrusion. It's the difference between an invitation to dinner and breaking and entering...*

I find your attitude to Diana, coming from people of such obvious intelligence, to have been small minded and disappointing. When did you last visit anyone in hospital?...

S. SHARPLES ESQ.

...I am inclined to republicanism and a cynic by nature. In no way do I criticise PRIVATE EYE *for drawing attention to Press hypocrisy in issue 932.*

But I was shocked and saddened by the death of Diana, and I thought of all those sick and unhappy people who had been cheered by her. Simple people perhaps and not half so clever or so perfect as those who write for PRIVATE EYE. *All of us have foibles and Diana no less, but who was to blame for much of this? Just for once, could you not be a little less snide and find a minuscule of good?*

That's enough Ed. Give it a rest now or you will be losing another subscriber...

H. JOHNSON.

*...I read with glee your whingeing Colour Section (*EYE *933) after Princess Di... Getting banned serves you right. Your stand against humbug has a price — in this case £1 per issue.*

Had you grovelled you would have made a lot of money. Hah!

No subscription to cancel...

D. SHEAD.

...I write to record my disappointment at your coverage of the recent events in Paris. You showed a modicum of restraint that I found quite simply appalling...

ANDREW DENNIS.

Pro

...Once again you have surpassed yourselves; issue 933 proved to be an effective barrier against the sheer hypocrisy and unrivalled cant of the fourth estate following Diana's death and subsequent funeral...

P.J. HILL.

...Hurrah for the EYE!

Once again you highlight the hypocrisy of the so-called "respectable press" your post Diana tragedy edition was brilliant and EYE *933 dragged me out of the coma induced by the press, radio and telly coverage. As for the Antis... they've pompously missed the point and demonstrate a lack of intelligence and imagination unworthy of a* PRIVATE EYE *reader. Good riddance!...*

RICHARD PALMER.

...Upon reading the latest issue of your august organ I notice that a number of outraged idiots have cancelled the remaining portions of their subscriptions.

Could I have them? I project that with humour bypass problems increasing (the condition is occurring with growing frequency amongst your readers) I could be reading the EYE *free for ever.*

I'm sure this would be an agreeable solution for all concerned...

DAVID GRIMMER.

...I'd like to add my voice to those readers who have written in support of your coverage of the events following the Princess of Wales's death.

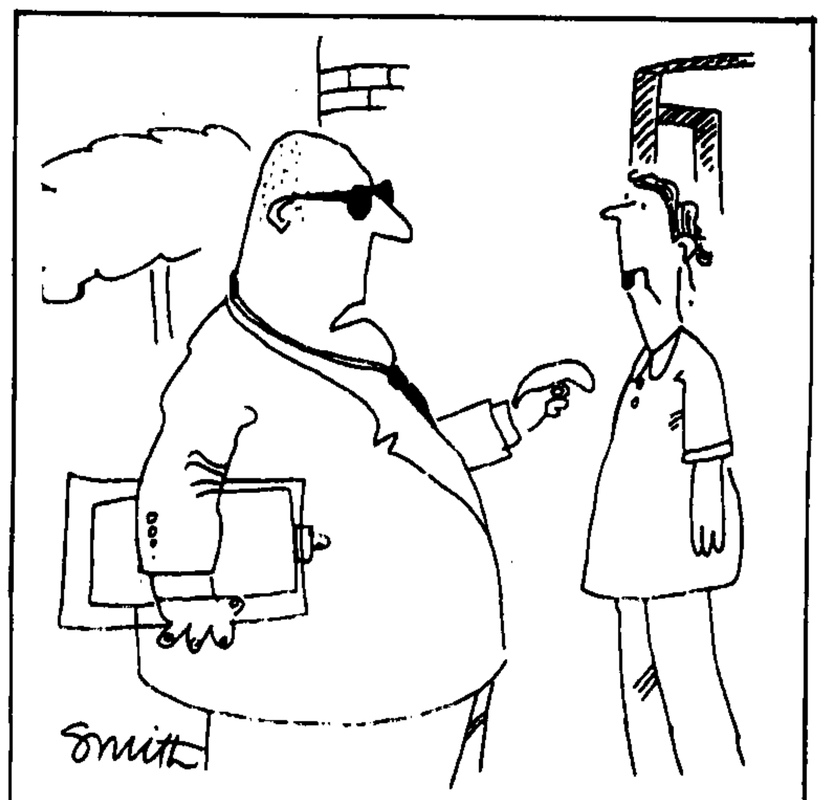
Having anticipated a largely subdued issue of your organ, I was pleased to see that instead, you have chosen the brave route of satirising the overwhelming media hypocrisy, without — despite the allegations of some readers — resorting to bad taste or disrespect.

I'm dismayed to hear that this honest approach led to certain newsagent chains removing the EYE *from their shelves, and shall be writing to the companies in question to register my displeasure at their censorship.*

JANE FARRELL.

...How could one in ten opinionated PRIVATE EYE *readers be so Sad? Did they use the mag as a coffee table ornament? Well done to you for a brilliant edition...*

SIMON MIDDLETON.



"It appears from our records that you haven't bought the Elton John single"

...Congratulations for your No.932! As a former French journalist, I can tell you that you saved the humour of the British press. It was not so easy that week...

JEAN BOURDIER.

...The letter from A. Jones, printed in EYE *933, proves that the ghouls satirized on the cover of* EYE *932 can't take the joke when it's on them...*

PETE "QUANTUM" BLEACKLEY.

...In common with many people I found EYE *932 to be in very poor taste and offensive in the extreme. To almost any one else my advice would have been to keep your mouth shut. However there were things that needed to be said, and I think that yours was the one sure way to get the message across...*

To those who have cancelled their subscriptions, I just say this the publishers of PRIVATE EYE *are no more guilty than most of us, in fact in many respects they are probably a good deal cleaner than many of us...*

LEONARD H. SMITH.

...Shocked to both learn that a great many retailers had put 932 on ice and read the half dozen vitriolic entries in your letters page.

You're not the only ones to be at the receiving end of this national dementia though. The receptionist at the local swimming baths here reported to me that they had received a telephone call on the Saturday morning of D's F from a woman enquiring to know if the facilities were either open or closed. When the caller was told that they were in fact open, well, you can sadly guess the rest.

Maybe the beef is suspect after all...

TOBY LEACH.

...News of the suppression of your organ by T&S and Alldays is deeply shocking. The EYE *was freely available in the Bristol area — had I known of shortages elsewhere, I could have made a killing.*

Still, I've been looking for a good reason to boycott Alldays...

DAVID HAMMOND.

...Why were they buying the EYE *in the first place if they didn't realise what it is about?... Yours still saddened by the death of perspective...*

ROB WILSON.

...Many thanks for decent journalism. I will be subscribing for a long time to come. Keep up the good work. That's cost W.H. smith £1 per week, I bet they're worried now.

RICHARD BROWN.

The Queen had taken decisions in consultation with the Prince of Wales at Balmoral, and her advisers were in close touch with those of the prince Tony Blair.

The Scotsman

...The 10:1 pro reader reaction to 932 reported in 933 was a great relief. I was not after all going mad (as one of your pro correspondents had feared), and nor were the majority of my fellow citizens assuming your 10:1 ratio a fair indication of true nationwide opinion.

Rising before my wife that morning I shouted the news up the stairs to explain why the radio was playing "God Save the Queen". Her reaction: "I think he just has"...

DAVID FOSTER.

...I have been passing this issue around family and friends just to see the look on their faces... I believe that it is the most therapeutic magazine I have ever read... I cannot believe that you can produce an issue to top it for years, but I'm willing to subscribe to find out...

KEVIN KERRIGAN.

...Never have you so well highlighted and exposed hypocrisy as in EYE *932 and 933...*

CHRIS RENNIE.

...After being unable to find EYE *932 anywhere, and upon learning the reason, I was stunned. I had no idea we lived in such a fascist society. Perhaps the proprietors of the newsagents who banned* EYE *932 would feel more at home if they burned them as well.* EYE *932 was possibly the funniest (and most frustrating) thing I have read in years. Keep up the fine work...*

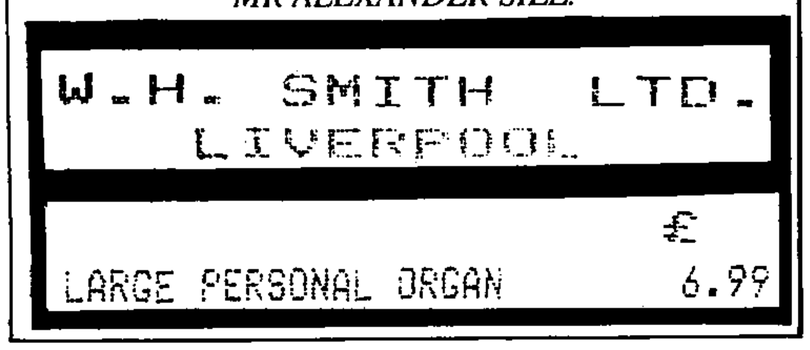
JONATHAN DAWES.

...I'm quite surprised that W.H. Smith high-handedly decided to remove copies of issue 932 from their shelves to protect the public from offensive material, when they so blatantly sell things of a suggestive nature.

I enclose an enlarged copy of a till receipt I had received from them earlier this year which clearly shows the sort of smut that can be obtained from them over the counter.

Incidentally, I think £6.99 is quite cheap, don't you?

MR ALEXANDER SILL.



...W.H. Smug branches may have censored your "Media to Blame" issue (932) but they have been happy to sell a greetings card bearing the tasteful message, "There is nothing in life more satisfying than a good... shit" (illustrated by a couple embracing).

My local Smug manager said he didn't want to display it, but such decisions were taken at Smug HQ!...

PAULINE BENINGTON.

...Never again will I be unable to get my copy of PRIVATE EYE. *I was informed by the newsagent in St Neots that the issue following Princess Diana's death had been withdrawn "at the publisher's request"! The assistant added triumphantly, "You won't get one". ...I do not wish to run the risk of this absurd situation re-occurring. So here is my subscription...*

JANET RAYNOR.

...I stupidly cancelled my subscription a year or two ago. The Diana issue has opened my eyes again: you really have a marvellous organ...

STEVE WHITE.

...Please find my subscription form enclosed. I was fortunate to be able to buy EYE *932 from one of our many independent Asian newsagents, but I want to be sure to avoid further risks...*

M.A. SPINNLER.

...Cheque for two subscriptions in gratitude for services to countering hysteria. I was scared you'd go mushy as That Was The Week did over Kennedy.

ALISON V-WILLIAMS.

...Your issue 932 was excellent, a classic of its kind. I was surprised to learn in 933 that it was regarded as controversial. Refreshing would be a better word, and I was dismayed to find that it had been "censored" in certain newsagents.

The national inability to think clearly after the death of Diana appears to have no limit. I could not find any "tasteless" remarks about her in issue 932 — the actual and legitimate target appears to have been the hypocrisy of the media. Good for you...

RICHARD HORTON.

...Regarding your leading article attacking multiple newsagents for not stocking your magazine last issue, you give the impression that PRIVATE EYE *has to be bought either on subscription or from a multiple.*

There are however thousands of independent newsagents like us who do not act as censors and did stock your magazine and did sell out! (Good ain't we!)

As long as you keep publishing we will go on selling it...

D.G. WHITE.

...Further to Mr A. Jones' letter re the death of the Princess, does the "A" in his name stand for Adolf, as he seems to be deluding himself that he can wield extraordinary dictatorial powers on numerous news outlets.

I think any success, if success is the correct phrase, in spiking the EYE*'s honest account on this matter is due to the top management of these outlets lacking any form of a spine rather than the rantings of this nutter.*

GEORGE McKENDRICK.

...Your "Harry Enfield's Bores" column really unnerved me... There comes a point where "taste" becomes merely a cover for censorship and hypocrisy.

ANNA KENYON.

Dear Mr Shitbag,

The attitude of Menaugh, Jones et al (letters — last issue) put me in mind of ordinary Germans denouncing the "undeutsch" behaviour of their neighbours to the Nazis.

The hatred that these people have for those who do not want to share in their self-regarding grief is chilling in the extreme.

Please accept my thanks for the last two issues of PRIVATE EYE...

O. BARNES.

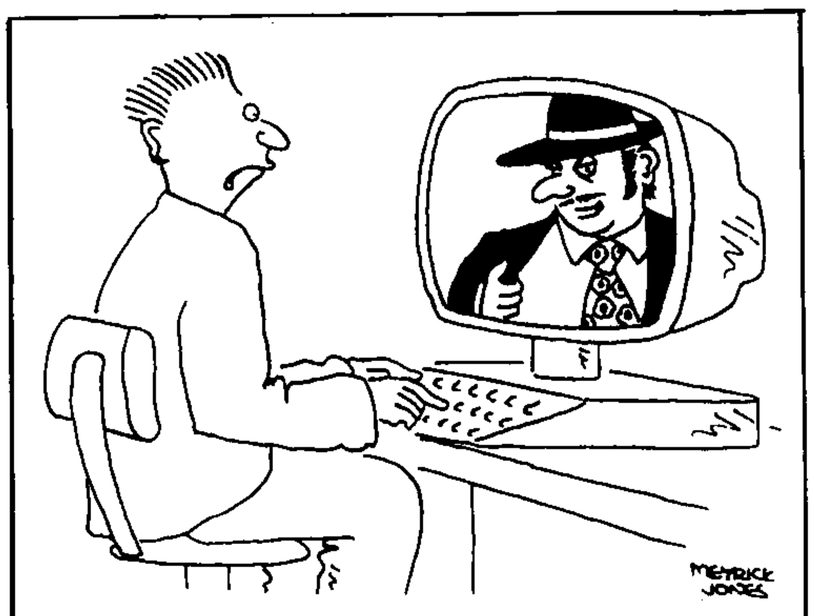
...For a very long time I have battled against a feeling that I ought to have your rotten mag sent to me through the post. But the thought of paying you vile lot a year's subscription and having that filth pushed through my letterbox every two weeks was more than I could bear.

But now I am defeated. Thanks to that letter from that mindless prick A. Jones in your last issue, I now realise that the only way I can protect myself from censorious arseholes like him is to pay up and have it sent.

A.R.C. WATKINS.

...1) The issue with the crowd on the cover was amusing and balanced... 2) The last issue, 933, was hilarious.

JOHN FINN.



"Psst, Senor! Feelthy websites?"

Lookalike

Sher **Yentob**

Sir,

I was struck by the remarkable likeness which Antony Sher as Cyrano de Bergerac bears to Alan Yentob the BBC programmes chief. Are they related?

Yours sincerely,
J.E. McNICHOLAS,
Chobham, Surrey.

...Your coverage wasn't disgusting: genocide in Angola is disgusting; torture in Turkey is disgusting. The EYE *might be called tasteless by some, but seems nevertheless to reflect well the feelings of many who didn't know Diana, were sorry for her death, and even sorrier for the wall to wall hypocrisy of the media...*

JANE BIRD.

...For what it's worth, my contribution to your defence is that I will in future only buy from Newsagents which will stock the EYE.

DR JON GURR.

...Your last two issues have forced me to the realisation that I can no longer continue my irregular purchase of your deeply tasteless organ — I will have to become a subscriber...

STEWART GIBSON.

...Personally, I thought you were remarkably restrained on the whole affair. Don't tell me the EYE*'s got a heart after all?*

On the other hand, speaking as a reader of way over 30 years, the last issue was one of the best ever. Congrats.

Kindly renew my subscription for the foreseeable future...

R.M. PHILLIPS.

...Some of your "pro" correspondents suggested that your response to the death of Diana had been good because it had been in bad taste; but of course it was the outbreak of sinister sentimentality and the coverage of it that was in bad taste. The EYE*'s point was a moral one, not just done to rub people up the wrong way. Many people just don't see how scary it all was and what it revealed about the capacity for collective hysteria and cowardly reporting. Orwell would have understood.*

DR. JOHN SHAND.

...Over the past 21 years of reading your esteemed organ. I have become accustomed to the litany of the humourless, cancelling (probably non-existent) subscriptions but the insane pomposity of A. Jones in your last issue really does take the custard cream.

Thank you for printing it and allowing us to revel in his absurdity.

This is your finest hour...

JOHN PERKINS.

Anti

...I wonder if I was the only PRIVATE EYE *reader who having waded through all those gushing "thank you, thank you" letters in the last issue, could not help thinking that this is exactly the kind of self-congratulatory crap which the* EYE *so often accuses others of indulging in.*

NICK AXTEN.

Other Letters

Kitty letter

Sir,

Please be assured that you are **not** *cited as a source in* THE ROYALS.

As I wrote in the Author's Note on p.XVI, "Some people provided information for the book; others provided hospitality for the author. Both are greatly appreciated." Your name falls into the hospitality category for those rubber steaks you served me at various PRIVATE EYE *luncheons. I'm also grateful to you for allowing me to use the magazine's clip files.*

I hope this clarifies the sourcing for any future interviews you might give on the subject.

My thanks again for everything and my best always.

Sincerely,
KITTY KELLEY,
Via fax.

Lookalike

Hindley

Johnson

Sir,

It's hard to imagine anyone nastier than child murderer Myra Hindley, but glancing through a copy of the Daily Telegraph I couldn't help but notice her resemblance to columnist Boris Johnson. I am not familiar with his writing — does he ever end up with egg on his face?

Yours similarly,
ENA B. WANDSWORTH,
Cell 9, Canary Wharf, London E1.

Dire warning

Sir,

Have any of your readers noticed the similarity between Peter Brookes' new cartoon strip "Dan Blair — Pilot for the Foreseeable Future" in the weekend section of the TIMES *and "Dan Dire — Pilot of the Future?" by Hugh Stun which appeared fortnightly in* PRIVATE EYE *from 1987-1990? Are they by some chance related?*

Yours,
NICK ROWLAND,
Winchester, Hants.

Theory of devolution

Sir,

I normally greatly enjoy the Nooks & Corners feature by Piloti but accept that Greenwich could well be a suitable venue for the college. I do wonder, however, about his additional objection to putting a "whizzy new college" at Shrivenham because that is "far from London".

Since when has it been forbidden to move government facilities away from the overendowed and protected south east of England? No wonder people vote for devolution.

With regard to Paul Foot's polemic on CFCs, cannot he get someone remotely scientifically literate to advise him? He refers to "two toxic CFCs, namely Freon 11 and methylstyrene. Freon 11 (or Arcton 11, as it is more commonly known in the UK) is indeed a CFC but methylstyrene most certainly is not. It is an aromatic hydrocarbon and it does not contain either chlorine or fluorine atoms.

In addition I was always under the impression that ICI's HQ was at Millbank in London — not in Runcorn. Runcorn may be the HQ of European Vinyls but what relevance this had to the story is hard to discern.

JOHN J. MONAGHAN,
Via e-mail.

Fund fair

Sir,

According to Nooks & Corners, the cliffs of lottery funding would seem to be crumbling faster than those at St Leonards. The EYE *reports that the Arts Council can only have £100m next year for cultural projects (shurely shome mishtake — bureaucrat). This just ain't so. We are currently talking to the government about the sum that will be available next year but we are not quite as gloomy as Lord Gnome.*

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM DEVLIN,
Acting Secretary-General, The Arts Council of England.

Lack lustre

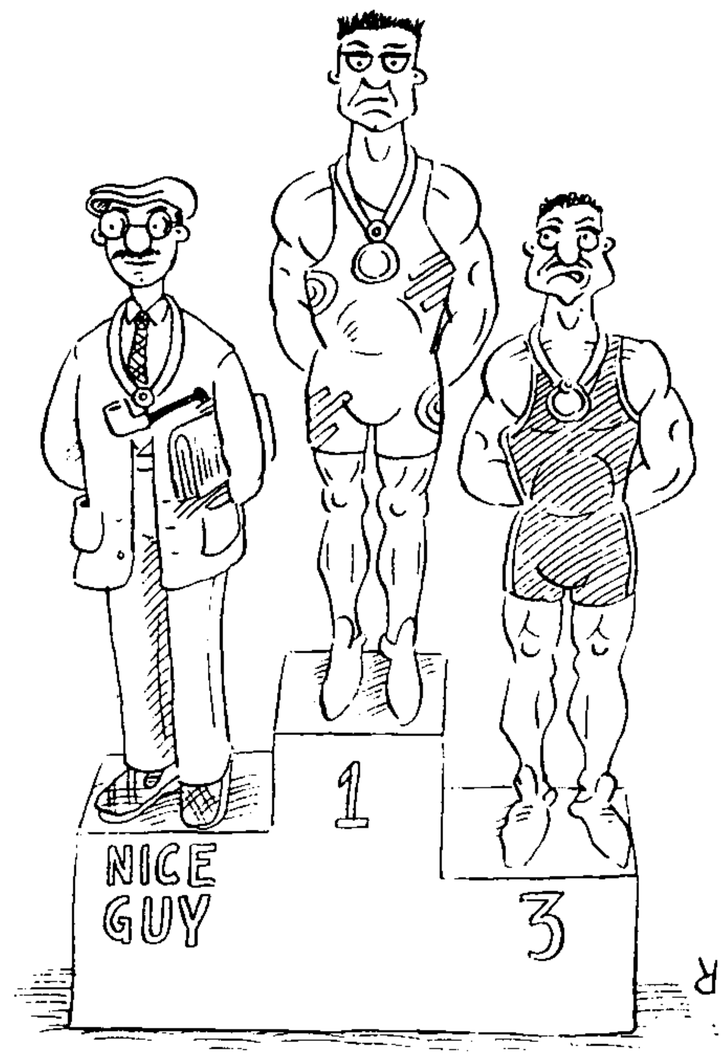
Sir,

"If NHS surgeons operated on NHS patients for just 15 hours a week, no NHS patient would have to wait more than six days for an operation." (Doing The Rounds, EYE *932.)*

If only it were that simple! What about the other factors that contribute to long waiting lists, such as, for example, lack of funding to health authorities to enable them to pay for operations; lack of beds due to scarce financial resources; and, rather worryingly, the shortage of nurses?

The latter is possibly the most pertinent and the questions have to be asked: why is there such a shortage of nurses and why are so many of them leaving? This is surely nothing to do with the incompatible pay for responsibility, poor status, high levels of stress, inability to obtain a mortgage due to temporary contracts or being forced to go long periods without eating properly...

Yours faithfully,
DEBORAH WATTS (Registered General Nurse)
Surbiton, Surrey.



VATs the matter

Sir,

Is it possible that the normally clear-sighted EYE *is trained on the wrong target? (The Importance of being Ernst —* EYE *933). It is difficult to fault Ernst & Young for keeping the tax bills of their clients to the minimum within the framework of existing law while presumably their fees are agreed by the clients.*

Surely the insanity in this situation is that hospital equipment is subject to VAT in the first place. In effect, the treasury subsidises the NHS to pay VAT back to the treasury. This might keep a few civil servants in gainful(?) employment but otherwise it seems to be a pretty pointless exercise.

Yours etc,
JOHN (NOT AN ACCOUNTANT) ROW,
Pinner, Middlesex.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"That youngster is playing well beyond his 19 years... that's because he's 21."
DAVID BEGG, Radio Scotland
(Norman Ferguson)

"And the headwind was 3.1 against her..."
DAVID COLEMAN, BBC1
(Anon)

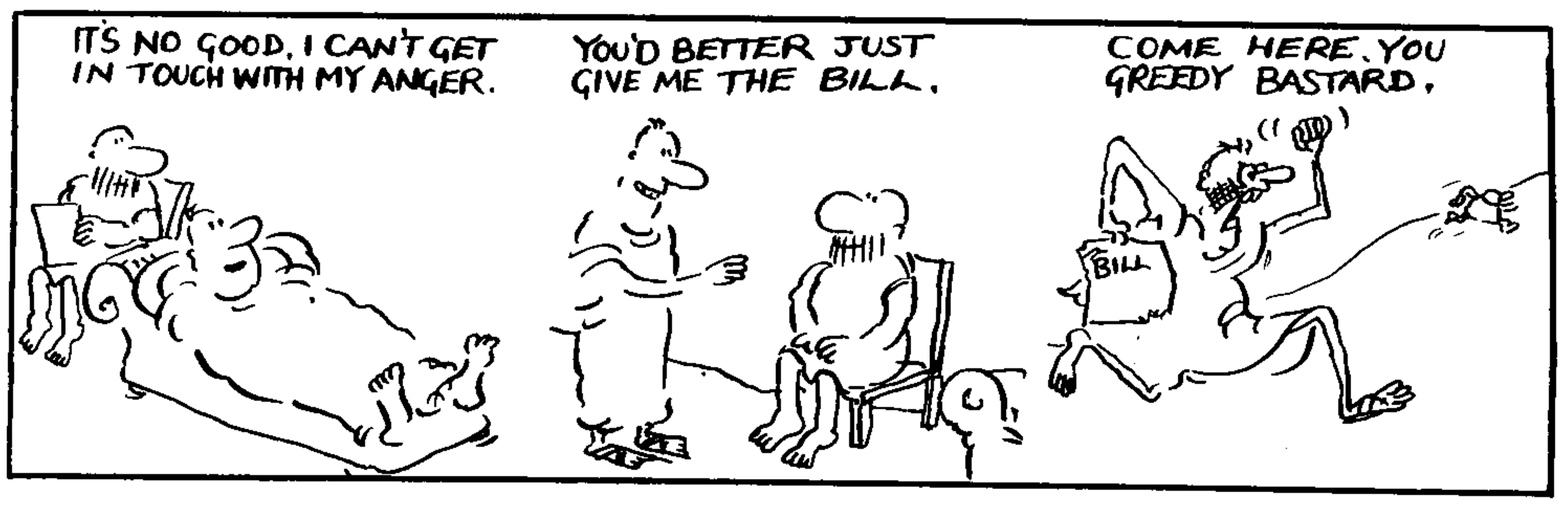
"I am right at the bottom of the lake where Byron wrote much of his best-loved poetry."
BOB WALKER, Radio 4
(Hazel Robinson)

"History is there to be made but it doesn't happen very often."
GEOFFREY BOYCOTT, BBC1
(R.J. Harragan)

Bradley Walsh: *And your other daughter's called?*
Contestant: *Scarlet.*
Walsh: *Why's that?*
Contestant: *She's named after the Llanelli rugby team.*
Walsh: *And they play in?*
Contestant: *Llanelli.*
ITV
(John Soanes)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



FUNNY OLD WORLD

O A DISH TO HONOUR DIANA
by Peter Kay

Sadly, I never had the honour of meeting Diana, Princess of Wales. But I write this article with a deep, deep desire to honour her honesty, integrity, and dignity. I cooked for the then Her Royal Highness on two occasions, and would love to be able to say that she descended to the kitchens to thank me personally — but she didn't.

However, as I helped prepare food at these two functions, I worked alongside men and women who had almost daily contact with Her Royal Highness. It struck me then, and even more so today, that not one of these people had a bad word to say about her. On the contrary, they talked of her in terms of endearment. I am the same age as Diana, Princess of Wales. I too left school without any O-levels (unless you count a Grade 1 CSE in French). Although I have never suffered from any eating disorders, I identified totally with her feelings and emotions, her inner pain and what I saw as a deep desire to be loved. As the whole nation has shown, and continues to show, she will be greatly missed. This dish is in her honour.

Supreme of Chicken Princess. Ingredients: 2 boneless chicken breasts, 2 tbs plain flour, salt and freshly ground black pepper, 2 oz butter, 4 tbs of dry sherry or white wine, chicken stock, double cream, 1 punnet of baby asparagus, finely chopped tarragon... gently cook the breasts for four to five minutes each side... add the dry sherry, chicken stock, and cream, and simmer for five minutes... place the chicken on a plate, add the chopped tarragon to the sauce and coat the entire breast. Sprinkle the baby asparagus on top. *(The Yellow Advertiser, Walthamstow. Spotter: Andrew Turner)*

—O—

Legal tender of Liberia

Legal tender of Niue

Legal tender of Sierra Leone

O A couple were the target of a village's outrage when they publicly 'celebrated' the death of Diana, Princess of Wales. Middle-aged Anya Spackman-Bohdanowicz and husband Wiktor Bohdanowicz horrified residents of Watton-at-Stone by:

- Decorating the outside of their High Street home with bunting;
- Inviting neighbours to a "We're glad Diana's dead" party; and
- Playing loud music during the funeral.

The couple's 'celebrations' started four days after the death of Diana, when they put up the bunting, only for it to be ripped down by villagers.

A neighbour, who asked to remain anonymous, added: "They put notices up in their window saying they wouldn't put the bunting back up because of the sad death of Mother Teresa." *(Front page, Hertfordshire Mercury. Spotter: Leslie A. Bowles)*

—O—

O *EDITOR: Diana's tragic death implies that there is something wrong not only with the media ethics, but also with the human rights situation in Western countries. It is really a pity that they, who have been busy in finding faults with human rights situation of others, could not even guarantee the human rights of Princess Diana. MEI TIAN, BEIJING.* (Letter published in China Daily. Spotter: Anon)

—O—

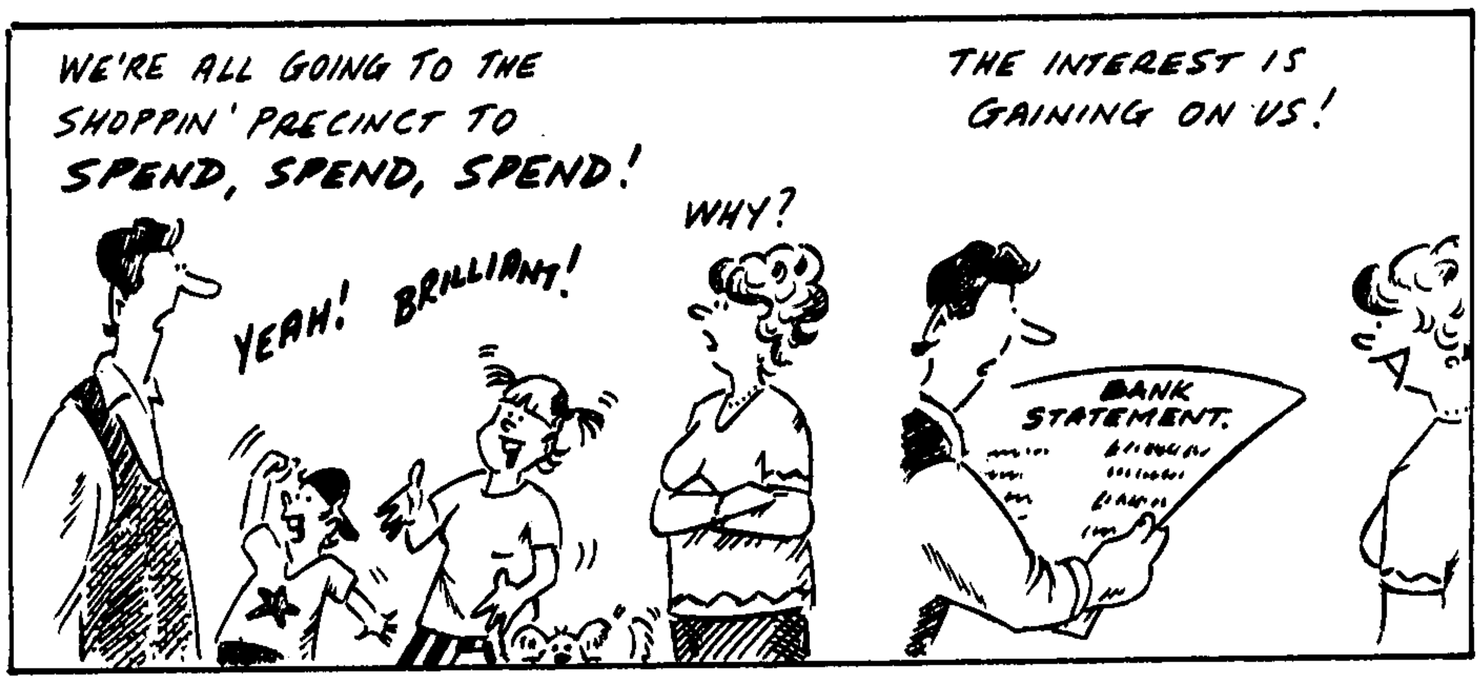
O Mary Almond lit six candles in memory of Diana on the day of the big funeral. Sadly, she fell asleep while watching proceedings on TV. A gust of wind came through an open window and caused the candles to ignite a sofa. Luckily, Mrs Almond escaped with her life — but lost all the possessions in her flat. "I tried to pick up the phone but it had melted. I did not even have time to take my glasses or false teeth."

Mrs Almond, who lives on invalidity benefit, was not insured for the loss of her possessions. It is not known if the Diana Memorial fund is going to help her. *(Grimsby Evening Telegraph. Spotter: Tony Harcup)*

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

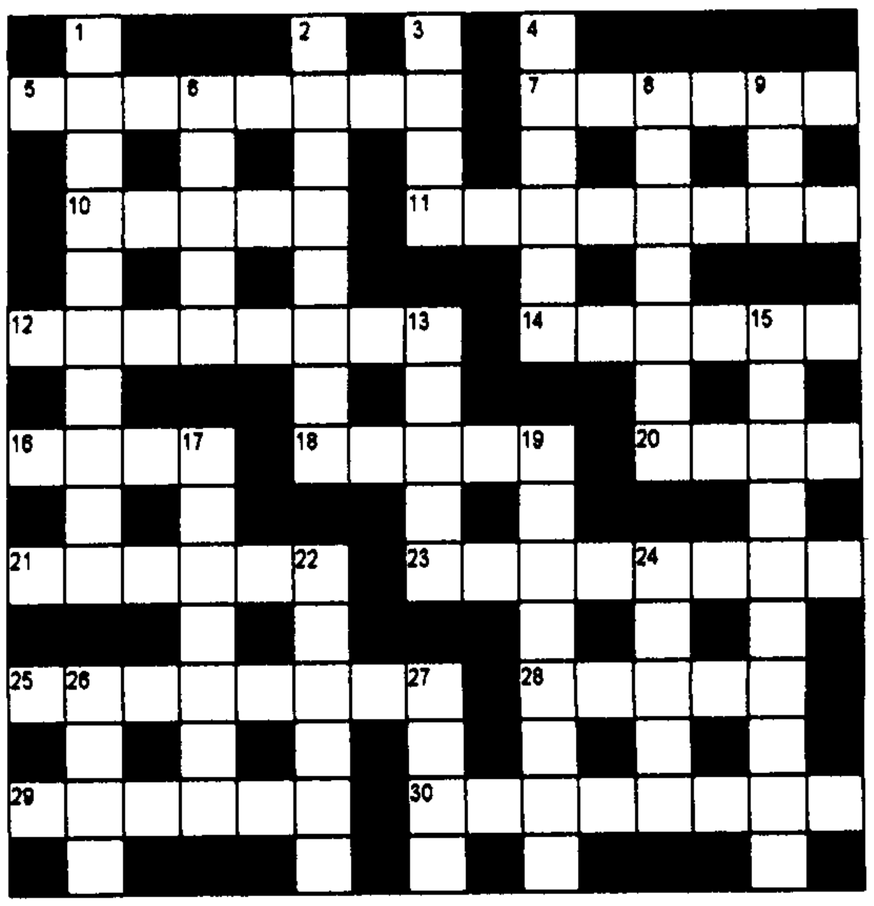
The Lottery Winners

TURNER


WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE SHOPPIN' PRECINCT TO SPEND, SPEND, SPEND!
YEAH! BRILLIANT!
WHY?
THE INTEREST IS GAINING ON US!
BANK STATEMENT.

EYE CROSSWORD 89

by Cyclops — *£100 prize*



ACROSS

5 Of good, safe stock, but caught in pornographic joint (4,4)
7 The coming of alternative fuel at end of millennium (6)
10/15 Conservatives politically not mixed up in sleaze deserve this title ? (5, 10)
11 Climax: one from Paddy that hurts inside (8)
12 Typical working-class right-winger somehow means to go round screwing (5,3)
14 Sooty hardly suitable for young viewers (6)
16 *Eye* feature: 'Beeb TV boss's abandoning entertainment' (4)
18 High street store's capital switch the coming thing for some? (1,3,1)
20 Speed taken by youth leader (4)
21 Stupid tit entering in the manner of a warmonger (6)
23 Right depressed being a loyal supporter of Hague? (4,4)
25 Gerry, found by hack out of bed, made to look guilty (6,2)
28/17 Resting actress who made a public spectacle of herself — it's Dale Winton pointlessly disguised! (5,7)
29/22 The issue of Brenda revealed by photos, we hear, one pulled out (6,6)
30 Show one's behind constitutional steps associated with Michael Jackson? (8)

DOWN

1 Media psychiatrist Curt is hardly the darling of Blair and Mandelson (5,5)
2 Rupert's alternative to naff tits and topless theme? (3,5)
3 As produced by one who has scored, being somewhat into pussy? (4)
4 Earth turned? Get away! (3,3)
6 Predatory thing — in essence a Glenda (5)
8 A regular place in the schedules for a faithful audience? (3,4)
9 Broadcast corn? (3)
13 It means work for a number of players without the necessary to keep their balls in (5)
15 (see 10)
17 (see 28)
19 Have sex doggy fashion? With pleasure, Nick! (8)
22 (see 29)
24 Shout "Labour leader out!" down under (5)
26 Naff Mir oxygen regulator (4)
27 Sanctimonious Blair upset solicitor (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 10.10.97. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 88

Winner: DENISE ROSTRON

ACROSS: 5 Double entry 9 Pimples 10 Eggcup 11 Horny 12 Number ten 14 Turn on 15 Ski-jump 18 Knocked up 20/7 Photo-opportunity 22 Starer 23 Freebies 24 Kiss and tell.

DOWN: 1 Commoner 2 Tense up 3 On yer bike 4 Kruger 6 Bull 7 (see 20) 8 Queen Mother 13 Voyeurism 16 John Bull 17 Puffing 19 Corgis 21 Getty.

ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair MA (Oxon)

Hullo!

The evenings are drawing in, and the reality is that it will be Christmas before we know it!

And talking of Christmas brings me to a subject which there has been a lot of concern about in the Parish just recently — money!

Let's face it, money is the root of a great deal of personal unhappiness in this world, as St Paul so rightly said *(Letter to the Guardian, 24.5)*.

Some of you may have heard that my stipend — that's the money I get for doing my job! — has recently been increased by quite a lot. Look! Let me make it clear that I didn't *ask* for this rise (contrary to what some people are saying down at the Britannia Arms!). It was something the powers-that-be decided on a long time ago, long before I was even given this job.

Anyway, I have decided that I will set an example to the rest of the parish by *forgoing* my pay rise!

I don't want to sound pious about this, but I do believe that people in responsible positions have a responsibility to act responsibly!

Of course, it's not up to me whether others are going to follow my example and do without their unnecessary pay rises. That is a matter for them and their consciences! All I will say is that it is not much good if someone makes a sacrifice, and then everyone else rushes like the Gadarene swine (or pigs) to get their noses in the trough! *(Luke 16. 9-11)*.

That's probably enough on that subject!

One another point. I know Cherie won't

Tony thanks the Bishop for coming to his service and asks him back for coffee.

be blowing her own trumpet, so I'm going to do it for her!

Last week many of you will have heard her inspiring talk to the Working Mothers' Union on the "Ladder of Opportunity".

Those of you who were there will never forget Cherie's passionate plea for people from humble backgrounds to have the chance to work their way up to the top in any profession they choose.

The moving story she told of a working-class girl from the poorer areas of Liverpool who became one of the highest-paid lawyers in the country made the point very vividly.

As our Lord himself said, "Blessed are the poor, for they shall have the chance to become rich" *(New Britain Bible, Matthew 8. 11-12)*.

Well done, Cherie! And let's not hear any more carping about money!

Yours humbly,

Tony

YOUR LETTERS

Dear Sir,

Congratulations to the vicar on giving such an inspiring lead to us all by refusing to accept his well-deserved pay rise. I was moved by his example to forgo my own increment which I have privately and secretly donated to the Princess Diana Memorial Fund. I trust that there will be others who follow my example, as I can assure them that it will not affect their pensions!

G. Brown.

(Thank you, Gordon. Good sense as ever! TB)

Dear Sir,

It is all very well for the vicar to get on his high horse about giving up his pay increase, but there are some of us who don't happen to have over-paid wives who

Yours faithfully

J. Prescott

The Editor reserves the right to cut contributions in order to save space. Alistair Campbell

Well Done!

Our congratulations to **Chris Smith** for bringing his ethnic same-sex partner to the Harvest Festival Supper. What an excellent lead to the rest of us! TB

KIDDIES' KORNER

For Use At Sunday School

★ A story in the Bible tells us of a rich man who gave his work force an equal number of "talents" (the equivalent of today's £20 notes). All of the workers handed them back, saying, "Not for us, thank you, it is really not necessary for us to have any more money."

New Labour Bible

GETTING TOGETHER!

Oecumenical News

There was a very exciting breakthrough last week, when the **Rev Paddy Ashdown**, of the United Reform Liberal Church, was allowed to take part in one of our services.

Thank heavens the days are gone when St Albion's was a "closed shop" barring its doors to all other denominations!

The fact of the matter is that people out there want to see their team vicars working together for all our shared goals.

That's why it was such a pleasure to welcome the Rev Paddy to one of our P.C.C. meetings the other day, to discuss matters of common concern, such as the need to build a fairer society with better schools and better care for the sick and the elderly.

Tony

Mr Mandelson Adds: What a pity that, later, Rev. Paddy saw fit to preach to his own congregation in a negative, critical and unhelpful fashion!

If criticising Tony is Rev Ashdown's idea of co-operation, then it might be quite a while before we see him at St Albion's again.

PM

To Remember In Your Prayers

Mr Cook, who has yet to accept the Church's teaching on giving up your pay rise. We, of course, understand his personal problems, which may have imposed new financial pressures on him, but we pray that he will be guided to a better understanding of what I am trying to do.

TB

Suggestion Box

Surely it would be a fitting tribute to the late Princess to give Diana the Nobel Peace Prize? In view of her tireless work for world peace, can anyone think of a more suitable candidate (apart from Tony!)?

Derry Irvine, Lairg and Co, Solicitors.

NEXT WEEK:* Full Report by the vicar of our Parish outing to Brighton. *(A Huge Success! T.B.)

'DIANA WROTE MY BOOK' MORTON TELLS ALL

by Andrew Morton (as told to himself)

WHY AM I revealing Diana's involvement with my book at this sad time? The answer is simple. Future historians and constitutional experts will need to gain a deeper insight into the troubled life of Princess Diana. These scholars will not be helped by the sudden flood of books purporting to tell the truth about the most important woman who had ever lived.

It is outrageous that these charlatans and ghouls should try and cash in on Diana's death. That is a task for myself.

Copies of my book, with the astonishing new section showing how Diana corrected my original text, are now available at all good bookshops or write to me personally (cash only). Andrew Mortonsofmoney, c/o Michael O'Moramoney, Moneysville, UK.

That Morton manuscript in full

and that was it.

It did not take Diana long to realise that Charles was a ~~problem~~ bastard. Under the veneer of old world charm, the Prince of Wales was a wilful and selfish ~~man~~ bastard who was neglecting his new bride.

As the months passed, the ~~Prince of Wales~~ bastard spent more and more time away from Highgrove with his ~~painting and his flowers~~ boot-faced old floozie.

The honeymoon was well and truly

Meanwhile Diana was getting ~~sladder~~ stronger and ~~lonelier~~. Unlike the Prince, she had ~~few~~ many intellectual interests to keep her occupied through her days. But her love of ~~clothes~~ opera and ~~shopping~~ ballet sustained her. more self-confident

SPOT THE BALLS COMPETITION

Entries to M. Cole, Punch Magazine

GLENDA SLAGG

The Columnist of Hearts

STEPHEN Fry — aren'tchasickofhim?! Some people may be Wilde about his Oscar (Geddit!?) but not me mister!?! How much more do we have to read about the celibate celeb, a-cruisin' and a-boozin', a-thievin' and a-grievin', a-whingein' and a-gringein' *(What that? Ed).* **Take a tip from Auntie Glenda, Stevie — put a cork in it! (I mean your mouth stoopid) and Zeebrugge off! (Geddit!?)**

STEPHEN Fry — don'tchaluvhim? We're just Wilde about his Oscar!? (Geddit?!) And his new book had me leapin' and a-weepin' with laughter and tears!? Thank Gawd our Stephen has found happiness at last with his new live-in lover! Let's hope he keeps our Mr Brainbox on the straight and narrow — relatively speaking!? Geddit?? Carry on Jeeves!! Even if you are a Bertie Wooftah!?

STEPHEN Fry — don'tchafeelratherambivalentabouthim?! On the one hand he's very clever and funny, on the other hand haven't we read rather a lot about his private life recently? (You're fired. This is far too sensible. Ed)

HATS OFF to Mick Jagger!? OK, so he's old enough to be William Hagues's grandad!? Who isn't?! Whilst others are drawing their pension Mick is drawing huge crowds! Whilst they are getting on the Dial-a-ride, he's on the tour bus!? Thank Gawd Mick is still strummin' and a-hummin', a-bopping and a-hopping, a-jumpin' and a-humpin' (This is terrible. You're hired again. Ed.)

ROLLING Stone Mick Jagger?!! Looks more like a wrinkled old walnut to me!? For Gawd's sake Grandad, jumpin' jack it in and Jagger off (Geddit??) *(This is worse than McKay. Have a rise. Ed.)*

HERE they are: Glenda's Brighton Belles!

Severiano Ballesteros — give us a hole in one Señor Mister!! And I'll give you a Ryder any day!! (Geddit?!)

JONATHAN AITKEN — he's trying to stop the Arabs flogging some western girls!? That's *his* job!!? And he likes the flogging too!! (Geddit?!)

Simon Sebag Montefiore — crazy name, completely mad guy!

Byeeeeeee!!!

BBC RADIO FM and **MW** see Frequency Guide on page 111
LW 198 kHz (1515m)

4 **NEWS, WEATHER, SHIPPING, INSHORE FORECASTS** As Monday

Newsreader: And the main news is that Sue McGhastly of the Today programme is being paid less than her male co-presenter John Humbug.

Humbug: Thank you, Brian. Now I have here in the studio Sue McGhastly, who, as we've just heard on this programme, is getting her knickers in a twist about nothing. Come off it, Sue, this is just rubbish, isn't it?

McGhastly: Good morning, John. Can I begin by asking you why you're so overpaid? Because you're not much good, are you, always interrup...

Humbug: That's a lie. And what is your problem anyway, Sue? Women's trouble is it?

McGhastly: Can I come to you first, Mr Humbug? It does look as if once again the men are taking over and...

Naughtie *(for it is he)*: Right. I'll do this interview, Sue, you're not up to it! John, can you give me an answer in two seconds — just how ghastly *is* Sue?

Humbug: I'm sorry, we'll have to leave it there. It's twelve minutes to eight and it's time for Thought For The Day with Anna Ford, broadcaster and journalist.

Ford: Thank you. Sue, we keep hearing about equality on the BBC, but when it comes down to it...

Newsreader: And now the weather...

(Continued 94KHz)

Why Give These Exhibitionists The Publicity They Crave?

asks Brian R. Sewell

THERE IS only one reason why the Royal Academy is staging the most degraded, talentless, vulgar, voyeuristic exhibition of ghastliness in the history of the world — to drum up publicity.

The correct response from all sane, sensible, civilised commentators such as myself is to deny the exhibition organisers the one thing they crave — acres of attention from the press.

Clearly, what they want is for some unthinking, gullible art critic to devote the whole of his column to attacking the sheer horrible pointlessness of their tawdry and infantile efforts.

For example no one should waste any space at all writing about the particularly offensive exhibit in Room 45, Patric Mildew's Dead Chicken Foetus In A Condom With Crucifix (Bosnia '95).

Who in their right mind would even want to admit that they had paused for a moment in front of this naked example of onanistic self-promotion?

Surely we should all ignore the utterly repulsive video by Andrea Gromek showing a close-up sequence of herself urinating over a dead cat?

But perhaps the most offensive, degraded and narcissistic image in the entire exhibition is a picture of Mr Charles Saatchi entitled Our

Sponsor, which hangs in the foyer with the caption "Charles Saatchi Welcomes You To The Royal Academy".

I am glad to say that nothing on earth would persuade me to devote even a sentence to this pitiful vacuum of self-referential garbage.

On Other Pages

No More Publicity Please For This Shameless Stunt — Editorial 16

Why Oh Why We Must Not Give Them Any More Publicity, says artist Paul Johnson 8

Why That Sickening Portrait of Myra Hindley Should Not Be Shown — full page photo in colour 4

Why Give This Exhibitionist The Publicity She Craves?

asks Glenda Slagg

THERE's only one thing Edwina so-called Currie wants. PUBLICITY!

And that's the one thing I'm not going to give her.

I'm not going to mention her, her marriage break-up or her rotten new book (*She's Leaving Home*, published this week, £19.99).

What does she think I am? An idiot?

Well, Mrs Currie, I've got news for you. If you want people to write about you and your silly book, you'll have to try someone more gullible than Glenda!

new book She's Left Home (published this week, £19.99, available from all leading bookshops). *(Cont'd p.94.)*

● *Spare a thought for poor Mr Currie, as he sits at home, all alone, reading a copy of his wife's*

Diana's Final Words

A statement by Michael Cole on behalf of the House of Fayed

I AM authorised by His Excellency King Mohamed Al Fayed to reveal exclusively to the world the final wishes of the late Princess of Wales.

Despite the denials of the hospital doctors, the French police, President Chirac, Diana's family and Her Majesty the Queen, I am pleased to inform you that the Princess *did* make a last statement whilst she was unconscious. These were her exact words:

"Tell the British Government to give Mohamed Al Fayed the fuggin' passport he so richly deserves."

M. COLE,
c/o Harrods House of Lies, Knightsbridge.

The Collected Letters and Speeches of Michael Cole are available in 3 volumes, in a special vellum-bound edition, from the Fayed Press, Alexandria. Only £2,500.

Yes! It's Britain's Newest Fanzine

BLAIRZONE

STOP PRESS: New band member for Blairzone!

IT'S OFFICIAL — veteran West Country folk legend "Wild" Paddy Ashdown is to join Blairzone! Says lead singer Tony: "Paddy is on backing vocals and if he doesn't get the words right he'll be out on his ear. But in the meantime we're gonna create an unbeatable megamix and, in the words of the late great Sidney Vicious of the Pistols, "We'll do it *my* way."

Pad Fax

● Paddy has just completed a tour of Eastbourne. "He sold out completely," said organisers.

● Paddy has had "groupie problems" in the past but now there is only one person in his life — Tony.

● Paddy owns over 4,000 Arran sweaters — all of them beige. Wild or what?

Thought for the Millennium

In the words of the late great Bay City Rolling Stones: *"We sang shangalang and we ran with the gang, singing doo-wop bee-doobie-doo-wah"* **— think about it.**

Pad & Tone's Vinyl Playlist

The Best of the Under-Tones — The Undertones
He Loves You (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah) — The Beatens
When Love Breaks Down — PR-Fab Spout
Blues For Ashdown — The Grateful Deadbeats
If You Gotta Go, Go Now — Manfred Mandelson

"It's our new Paisley shirt"

ULSTER – HISTORIC BREAKTHROUGH

by Our Political Staff **Ulster Campbell**

GOVERNMENT sources last night disclosed that there has been "an astonishing breakthrough" in the Ulster talks.

After weeks of speculation about a possible breakthrough, it can now be confirmed that the long-awaited breakthrough has at last broken through.

Just minutes before the main evening news bulletins, the word was flashed through from senior government sources that the breakthrough was official.

Listeners all over Britain who tuned in heard the historic announcement, "News is just coming in of a historic breakthrough in the Northern Ireland peace talks".

Breakthrough With Frost

"The BBC has learned that what can only be described as 'a historic breakthrough' has been made in the talks currently taking place on the future of the province.

"Later in the programme," the newsreader went on, "we shall be trying to guess what this breakthrough is."

That Breakthrough Explained p. 94

A History Of The Conservative Party

Part 94 The Hague Years

(Shot of ill-at-ease man sitting in armchair in Carlton Club. Elgar-style patriotic music plays softly in background)

A. Clark *(for it is he)*: In 1997 the once-great Conservative Party, the party of Disraeli and Gladstone, finally took leave of its senses. *(Film clip of Alan Clark being returned as MP for Kensington and Chelsea. Crowds of cheering Sloanes shout "Good old Clarkie, he's such a laugh!")* But worse was to come. The sad, discredited figure of John Major resigned, never to be heard of again. *(Slow motion shot of John Major being driven off from Downing Street in tears. Sound track plays Mahler's Lieder von Der Toryparty.)* And then came collective suicide. Ignoring the obvious choice... *(Shot of Clark pinching Lady Archer's bottom at Lord Archer's Christmas Party.)* ...they picked instead an insignificant little Northern oik who no one had ever heard of.

(Shot of Hague in baseball cap at Notting Hill carnival. Reggae music by Desmond Dekker and the Israelites. Cut to sinister-looking man sitting in study in front of Readers Digest history of the world. Caption reads "Conrad Black, Distinguished Constitutional Historian and Friend of Alan's")

Black: Not since the Duke of Liverpool in 1763 had the Conservative Party elected a leader from Yorkshire. And that was their big mistake.

(Cut to very elderly man sitting in Canary Wharf. Caption "Lord Deedes, Cub Reporter, Morning Post 1812-23".)

Deedes: I have never met young Hague. But did I ever tell you the story of Anthony Eden and hish yellow shocsh?

Clark: Do you mean "socks"?

Deedes: I can't remember. It wash a long time ago.

(Old black and white footage of men harvesting with horses in Kent. Sound track plays Vaughan-Williams "The Clark Descending...")

THE END

A site insider said: "There are seven toilets between 500 men and there aren't any toilet seats. We're not standing for it anymore."

GEC would not comment.

Construction News

Celeb

LIGGER

SO GARY, WHERE DO YOU STAND ON THE LEGALISATION OF MARIJUANA DEBATE?
ON AIR
WELL... ER...
RADIO
IT'S A SENSITIVE SUBJECT AND I THINK THERE ARE THINGS TO BE SAID FOR BOTH SIDES OF THE ARGUMENT.
SO ARE YOU FOR OR AGAINST LEGALISING CANNABIS?
ER...
I'D PASS ON THAT ONE IF I WAS YOU, GARY.
TAP
P.R.
WELL, AS I, ER.. SAID..
YOU'VE HAD IT FOR BLOODY AGES. TA.

That Labour Conference Agenda in full

Day One

Unemployment — solved.

Day Two

Northern Ireland — peace achieved.

Day Three

Europe — sorted.

Day Four

Education — fixed.

Day Five

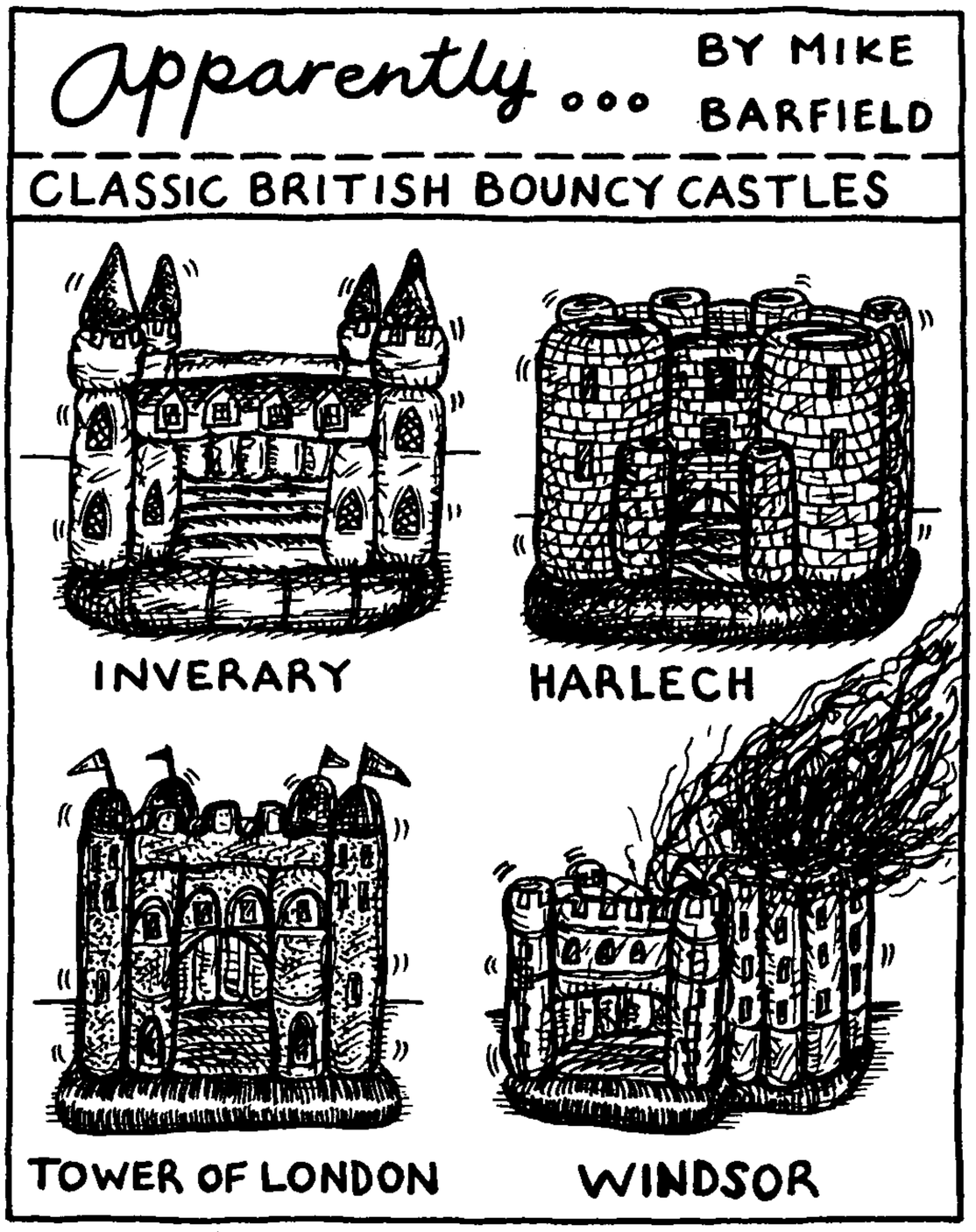
Health Service — reformed.

Day Six

Tony saw that it was good.

Day Seven

Tony rested.



A Taxi Driver writes

Every week a well-known cab driver is invited to comment on an issue of topical importance. This week: "The Saudi Nurses" by **Dave Mellor** (cab no. 47126).

Blimey, guv. You got to hand it to them Saudis. They got the right idea, haven't they? No messing about with trials and lawyers, eh? They clearly did it. So there's only one thing for it — string 'em up, or behead 'em. And 500 lashes into the bargain. Quite right too. None of our business to interfere. Their ways are not our ways. And who's to say that's wrong? Don't get much crime out in the desert, do you? Is it Riyadh or is it Dubai? Anyway, I 'ad one of their sheikhs in the back of my cab once. A very nice gentleman. Gave me a very generous tip — £500,000.

*NEXT WEEK: **Sir Paul Maccabbie** (cab no. 4172) on Why Pop Music Is A Load Of Rubbish Nowadays.*

OUTRAGE OVER FLOGGING

by Our Saudi Arabian Staff **Alan Koran and Lyn Barbarous**

WORLDWIDE opinion hardened last night at the decision by the British Government to carry on with its barbaric practice of flogging arms to Saudi Arabia.

Appeals to Britain fell on deaf ears as a resolute British government spokesman told reporters. "You don't understand our country. This is our way. We have been flogging for centuries. It is a fundamental part of our culture and we are not going to stop just because everyone thinks it's uncivilised."

A fanatical member of the business community said: "It is written in the books. Arms must be flogged or else we won't make any money. It could not be clearer."

Al-anclark

There were, however, a few international defenders of Britain's ancient customs. A Mr Saddam Hussein from Iraq went on the record saying: "I was flogged arms by Britain on a number of occasions and it didn't do me any harm. In fact, I learned my lesson, ie I could do whatever I liked."

A Mr Suharto from Indonesia agreed: "I was publicly given 500 of the best; the best anti-personnel aircraft on the market. And I respect Britain for that."

Meanwhile, Robin Cook *(continued p. 94)*

SUPERMODELS

KERBER

LONDON FASHION WEEK:
BACKSTAGE AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.
BE CAREFUL, SOME OF THESE BONES ARE WORTH A FORTUNE
OKAY, I'LL TRY NOT TO KNOCK ANY.

Late News

PRESCOTT BLAMES TRAIN CRASH ON TORIES

DEPUTY Prime Minister John Prescott has blamed the fatal train crash at Southall on the previous Conservative Government, saying that the crash would never have happened under a Labour Government.

Said a spokesman for Mr Prescott: "I think we can safely say that John Prescott is correct when he says that this terrible disaster would never have happened if the Labour Government were in power when the Tories were in charge." *(Reuter)*

SACK ME OR I SQUIT

(surely 'Quit'? Ed.)

Hague's Shock Challenge

by Our Political Staff
Lobby Purves

MR William Hague, 17, who is believed to be the leader of the Tory Party, last night issued a challenge to his party over the issue of whether he should share a room at the Tory Conference with his fiancée Ffioncée Jenkins (formerly Lord Jenkins of Hillhead).

Mr Hague told Radio Five's popular early hours show "Is Anyone Awake?" that he proposed to make the sharing-the-room issue a test of his leadership at the Party Conference.

"I want a forward-looking, moderate Conservative Party that believes in pre-marital intercourse in hotel rooms," he said.

Mr Hague plans to put his radical new bedroom initiative to a referendum among the Tory Party's grass roots activists (Sid and Doris Parkinson).

But it is a high-risk strategy for Squitt.

Bring Back Major

If the Party decides not to back him, then he will have to stay on because there is no one else.

Last night, right-wing opposition to the "two in a bed" policy was hardening around the senior figure of former Tory leader Lady Thatcher.

"When I said that Hague was an ideal leader for the Party," she told close friends (Sid and Doris Powell), "what I meant was, he is a hopeless little squit, and the sooner he goes the better."

Lord Jenkins is 103.

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam
Lord Tonypandy
(formerly the Speaker of the House of Commons)

So. Farewell then
Lord Tonypandy.

Speaker of the House
Of Commons.

"Or-dah. Or-dah."
That was your
Catchphrase.

But unfortunately
No one ever
Ever
Took

Any notice.

E.J. Thribb (aged 17½)

TV Highlights

The Lays (BBC)

THIS week Jimmy McGovern's powerful nude series addresses the age-old problems of a young man's rites-of-passage and the BBC's problem of getting people to watch something else instead of London's Burning.

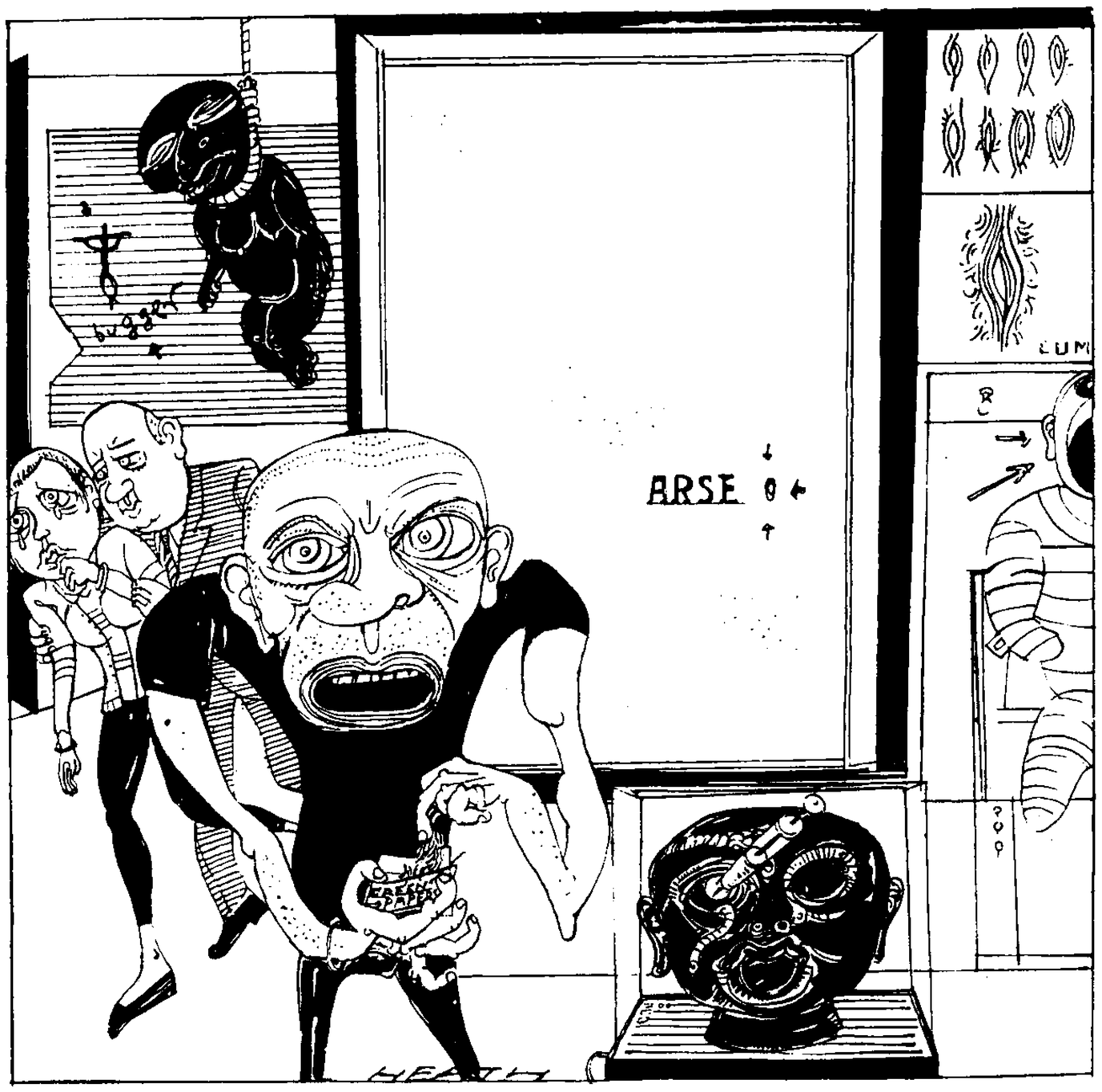
Full Circle With John Birt (BBC)

INTREPID explorer John Birt goes from one crisis to another as he travels round and round in circles inside the BBC. Along the way he is greeted by hostile natives who resent him tampering with their traditional customs. Eventually he disappears up his own bottom.

THE PEOPLE'S PRINCESS
Prof. S.W. Jackman
ISBN 0-946041-19-9 £12.50
'Fat Mary', the People's Princess, ideally represented the solidity of Victorian England, not only in her ample figure but also in her public and private lives. Without her influence and knack for popularity, the Victorian monarchy would have been unrecognisable and might have failed to steer England from the days of the Hanoverians to the threshold of democracy.
Kensal Press, 1984

Harry Enfield's **Bores** Drawn by **Michael Heath.**
22. The Modern Artist

"It's wot you make of it innit? I mean it is wot it is yeah I dunnav to explain it do I? it's the fird in the series after 'Tit' and 'Fanny' Charlie bought the lot off me when I done this exhibition up 'is gallery so it's up to 'im if he wants to bung it up 'ere up the RA personally I fink it pollutes it bein' 'ere 'cos the RA sucks it's just full of old duffers if they asked me to join I'd tell 'em to fuggoff Joshua Reynolds couldn't paint for toffee 'e was a fat wanker I've done a sculpture of Diana made out of Mercedes Benz badges it's called 'Dead Bird' snot meant to shock I don't fink it's controversial if people want to fink that that's their fuggin' problem it's up for the Turner Prize as it goes but if I get it I'm gonna tell 'em to fuggoff 'cos Turner was a twat *Fighting Temeraire*? Fuggin Terrible more like do you wanna buy a big photo of my dick? Eighty grand to you squire and cheap at the price…"



DIARY

CONCOMITANTLY, silence is, as I have pointed out in pioneering work in many books and seminars, invariably quarried and pillaged by lesser minds (usually without acknowledgement and certainly without apology), golden.

Cities, towns, conurbations, large groups of buildings placed near or proximate to one another to form a definable whole, are both the conduits and the receptacles for noise, sound, *clamour* (*klamari* in Swahili, *calamari* in Italian, though I prefer the *cannelloni*). At regular time period intervals, I retreat to the French hillsides with my distinguished yet unspoken wife, to breathe in the silence, unloud and noiseless, that was once partaken by the by no means lesser minds of Flaubert and Racine.

Maritally, we sit in a fieldly meadow in an incipiently quiet time/space continuum observing the hush (*huss* in Somali) stretching far beneath us, down to the herd, team, group of cows below. "Ah, silence!" I exclaim exclamatorily in simple wonderment, "Silence — the silence that is with us now — a silence golden as James's *Bowl*, as Apuleius's *Asse*, as Frazer's *Bough*, that silence blessed by my original study, now translated into fifteen languages, taken up yet still not acknowledged by those whose academic reputations fall sadly short of my own. Ah, silence! A void, a circumstantial gap, a vivid diaspora, the sound, rare and provocative, created when one's talk ceases. Silence, both metaphysical and actual, both concomitant and —"

"Moo!" enunciates a cow, bovine and cowlike, and the other cows follow suitly, "Moo! Moo! Moo!".

My antennae, exceedingly alert, like a *lieder* by Scubert or a poem by Pound, inform me that this cuddish interruption is part of a Friesian conspiracy intent on placing in jeopardy my seminar on the nature of *la silencia*. These animals possess all the professional jealousy and unctuous mooishness of the Oxford-educated. They have been put up to their loutish intervention by those in the English faculty less honoured than myself.

GEORGE STEINER

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!" I interpolate.

"Moo! Moo! Moo!" they respond.

I seize the opportunity to point out to my unspoken wife that in the Oubangi language there are fifteen words meaning "moo", only one of them in common use by cows. But she cannot hear me. She has her ear-plugs in (*arapluggi* in Cameroon), as she has done since 1974, still perversely intent upon listening to the mute, smothering silence that lies somewhere beyond words.

Regrets? Maria Callas once sang that she regretted the Rhine, that inexhaustibly damp yet geographically constrained river. Though others may find it hard, difficult, *difficile* to imagine, I have been burdened lumberingly with personal regrets, to each of which I pride myself on being sufficiently humble to confess. My failings are plenitude. I regret, for instance, having yet to re-read Dante's *Inferno* in Icelandic. I regret that none of my pupils, for all their undoubted industry in the appropriation of my ideas (always covertly, never gratefully) have nevertheless found themselves unable to match the breadth, the depth, the width of the temperature of my learning, and their mind remain unequipped with diving boards or changing rooms. I regret failing to learn Mokoan to a standard sufficiently high to translate some of my own Mokoan verse, now incidentally highly collectable (I recently saw no less than 20 unopened copies in the burgeoning Steiner section of a prestigious secondhand bookdealers), into Tibetan and from Tibetan back into the original Finnish. And I regret my failure to stand, owing to pressure of thinking, for the Presidencies of France, Germany or America — or all simultaneously, had their citizens demanded it. And I sometimes regret that my pre-eminence in so many fields has led to me to neglect others, which have consequently suffered a drop in their prestige.

What is a wall with no writing upon it? I would not know, as I have yet to see one. Yet there is little of any purposeful use and/or useful purpose in the world in the last decade of the second millennium. The sloppy armies of Barbaria are on their ill-shodden march, dragging civilisation headlongly to its doom. In the United States of America, the President's daughter is pictured dancing at a "night-club discotheque". In South-East Asia, the Spice Girls appear on daytime television, yet Gustav Mahler continues to be denied his own show. In Switzerland, Heinz Baked Beans make inroads into the supermarket shelves. In England, few schoolchildren are fluent in twelve languages before the age of nine. Instead, they watch television programmes like "Oasis" and gyrate to the primitive sexual rhythms, at once tribal and solipsistic, of The Teletubbies, none of whom, save perhaps La-La, could hold down a post at any major European University.

Alas, our civilisation is on the run from the emancipatory strains of the intellect. For why else but for fear would such a first-grade thinker as myself, a thinker who has thunk more thoughts that all the rest of them put together, be at once so vilified, so ignored, so up-covered?

Uh-Oh!

It's the

TELETORIES!

Dripsy!

Hanky-Panky!

Don't miss their hilarious adventures! All together now:

Time for Tory Bye-Bye!

Lee-Lee

Piss-Po!

Literary Review

Girl trouble

FOR about a month now the style sheets have been whipping themselves into a fine old frenzy over the revolutionary social phenomenon of "singletons". These, in case you don't read *Harper's* or the *Evening Standard*, are unattached thirtysomething women – mostly, but not always, with dazzling careers – whom men, for some unknown reason, just don't want to marry.

From Knightsbridge to Belgravia, from the wilds of Islington to the dinner tables of Clapham, the cry goes up: "Where are all the decent men?" and the result is, well, a great deal of silly journalism masquerading as sociology.

The origins of this tide of print about New Spinsters and Lone Rangers can be traced back to two primary sources. The first is Helen Fielding's notably funny *Bridget Jones's Diary*, which has topped the bestseller list since the summer; the second – in fact predating Bridget Jones by a good few months – a charming Irish novel by Marian Keyes called *Lucy Sullivan is Getting Married* – the joke being that its 31-year-old heroine starts the proceedings with not a hint of nuptials in sight.

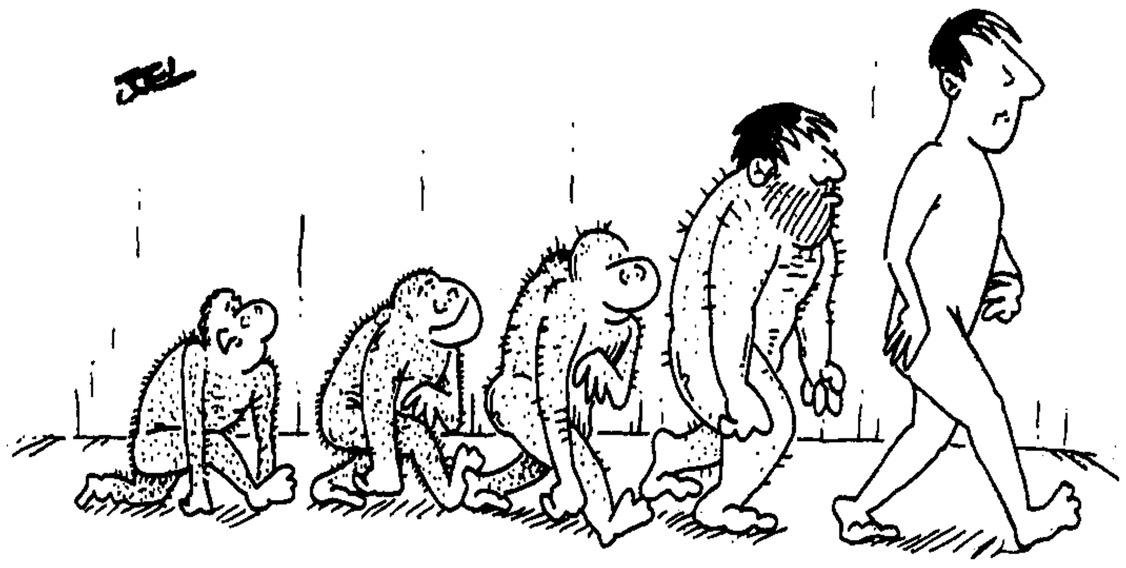
In their wake, and amid the vox pop testimonies of 34-year-old television producer Laura ("Her last relationship was when she was 28" etc etc), shambles a crowd of purposeful imitations: Jane Green's *Straight Talking*; Arabella Weir's chastely titled *Does My Bum Look Big In This?*; even *The Trouble With Single Women* by veteran trend chaser Yvonne Roberts. Vain or self-deprecating, rueful of mimsy, the essence is the same. Men. Careers. Personal space. *Autonomy*. Oh and Mr Right.

It doesn't take a literary historian, perhaps, to establish that this kind of thing is about a century old. The "superfluous female" of the Victorian census return was a stock figure of the late-Victorian novel – check out George Gissing's *The Odd Women* (1893) – followed and superseded by all manner of "New Women" lashing up a storm in the conventional male breast. As recently as the 1960s novelists such as Andrea Newman and the Margarets Drabble and Forster carved out a respectable little niche for themselves tracking the path of the bright, unmarried metropolitan girl.

Here, alas, the resemblance ends. Read a novel by one of the 60s sisterhood and you can observe an artistic impulse colliding with demographic fact. Read a novel like *Straight Talking* ("I was never supposed to be single at thirty years old. I was supposed to be like my mother, wasn't I? Married, a couple of kids, a nice home with Colefax and Fowler wallpaper"), on the other hand, and you can observe a demographic fact colliding with a publisher's dream. If any further proof were needed of the factitious air that surrounds this endeavour, it is that the whole thing is transparently urban in scope. For some reason unmarried 35 year olds living in Droitwich needn't apply.

Nevertheless all this fluff has some slight cultural interest, not perhaps in mirroring a quantifiable social reality, but by offering further evidence of what might grandly be called the democratisation of English fiction. Put bluntly, all these books – like their Nick Hornby-derived male equivalents – come crammed with ordinary people. Nothing wrong with that, of course, and a nice change from highbrow Forsterian ninnies, but as late as the Drabble/Forster era one had an idea that the average heroine was in some ways superior to the reader, had a finer mind, a finer sensibility, was in short someone to look up to. Nowadays they just want great sex, great jobs – oh, and Mr Right bearing the front door keys of a mews house in Chelsea. Oddly the where-are-the-OK-men complaints even percolate downmarket to a novel like Jane Owen's truly awful *Camden Girls* – 200 pages of hilarious "street" drivel, which also contains passages such as (put into the mouth of a spliff-gobbling black goddess named Juno, by the way), "it used to be a promise of marriage or at least an engagement ring then that went out and living in sin was in but now some of them have cottoned onto the fact that the whole new man concept... is actually a damn great chat-up line."

Oh dear. Perhaps we should leave this dramatised sociology in the spot where its heroines have placed themselves – on the shelf.



"Are we there yet?"

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

☐ **"CONTROVERSIAL" royal writer Lady Colin Campbell, who was brought up as a boy, has fallen out with her publisher Smith Gryphon and is threatening to sue the firm for thousands of pounds.**

At issue is her 1992 book *Diana in Private* which, before Andrew Morton's tome came along, claimed that the princess suffered from bulimia, had colonic irrigations, was unhappily married, etc.

The *Daily Express* was intending to serialize the book but turned on the author and published an attack on her instead saying that the book's claims were rubbish. The matter was settled out of court last year for £340,000 – which, Lady Colin rages, she has yet to see from her publishers. Interestingly, Smith Gryphon has a counterclaim for considerably more against Campbell. Where will it all end?

■ *DENIALS have been coming thick and fast from the British "sources" quoted in Kitty Kelley's new book, The Royals.*

"It's a damned lie," wailed Dame Barbara Cartland, insisting that she had "never spoken to" Kelley. "This is very unfair to me – I would never have helped her." Michael Cole, the bouffant aide-de-camp to His Excellency Mohamed Al-Fayed, said that when Kelley contacted him "I told her that I never spoke either on or off the record about the royal family".

The tabloids, who are understandably affronted by the sight of Kelley trespassing on their territory, have seized on these comments with glee. But a moment's checking would have revealed a rather different picture.

Barbara Cartland spoke at length to Kelley on 11 November 1993, dispensing her thoughts on Lord Mountbatten, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles's childhood and Princess Diana's pre-nuptial virginity. She also provided the phone number of her biographer, Tim Heald, and suggested that Kelley should call him.

Michael Cole spoke at length to Kelley in 15 November 1993. He reminisced about his leaking of the Queen's Christmas message in 1988, and delivered forthright opinions on various royal press officers and hacks. He ended by inviting Kelley to come for tea with him when she next visited London so that they could talk further.

If Cartland and Cole want to refresh their memories, which seem to have gone distressingly AWOL, they will find tape recordings of these conversations safely stored away in the office of Kitty Kelley's lawyer.

☐ THE new Oxford Dictionary of Literary Quotations edited by Peter Kemp is not altogether bad, but browsers may be surprised at how often it doffs its cap to Rupert Murdoch and his minions.

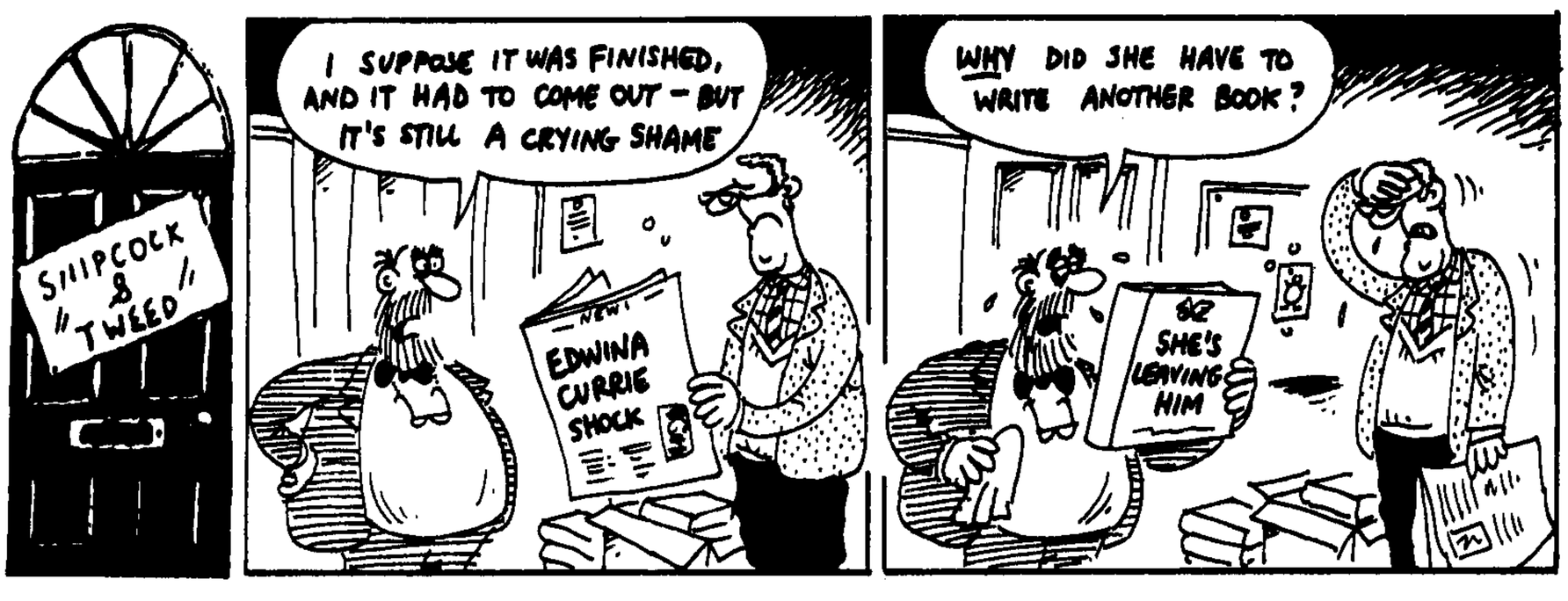
It's no secret that in his day job Kemp is in charge of the Sunday Times's fiction reviews. Which may just help explain the endless apercus from John Carey, the ST's chief critic (eight more than Hazlitt; as many as Shaw); and two not-very-literary offerings from his boss, the Digger: American newspapers are "a licence to steal money forever"; and "I think our newspapers have high moral values, absolutely, and if they don't, they should have".

■ *FANS of novelist Margaret Atwood were delighted to see a large colour ad in the Guardian for her novel Alias Grace. It encouraged buyers by telling them the book was "shortlisted for the Booker Prize".*

Er, the only problem is that the book is not shortlisted for the Booker.

Could Virago Press be hoodwinking its readers? Had it been misinformed itself? Or, horror of horrors, had someone scanned the Booker shortlist, seen the name of Grace Notes by Bernard MacLaverty and jumped to entirely the wrong end of the stick?

Better luck next time.


SHIPCOCK & TWEED
I SUPPOSE IT WAS FINISHED, AND IT HAD TO COME OUT – BUT IT'S STILL A CRYING SHAME
NEW!
EDWINA CURRIE SHOCK
WHY DID SHE HAVE TO WRITE ANOTHER BOOK?
SHE'S LEAVING HIM

☐ **"THE Literator", the bookish gossip column run by mild-mannered Independent literary editor Boyd Tonkin, has been getting waspish.**

At the launch party for Transworld's trendy new Anchor list, The Literator spotted Booker judge and Times journalist Jason Cowley. Was he "the panel's token lightweight", the columnist asked? At any rate, Cowley was "feigning literary erudition".

Whoo! Get you. Why is Boyd being so nasty to the man who was runner-up for his own job?

'Bookworm'

footnotes

CELL DEATHS: PRESTON 4 BELMARSH 3

A NEW record has been set up for the number of deaths in a prison during a summer session. The Prison Service confirms to the *Eye* that at HM Prison Preston (governor: Richard Crouch), four men, three of them in their 20s, have been found dead in their cells.

None of the four had been convicted of anything. Leon Parkinson, 23, on remand for burglary, was found hanged in his cell on 10 June; Steven Nuttal, 23, on remand for burglary (who had never been in prison before in his life), was found hanged in his cell on 1 July; Jason Roberts, 23, on remand for burglary, was found dead in his cell on 1 August. Alan Ratcliffe, 53, on remand for attempted murder, was found hanging in his cell on 21 September.

This record just beats that of Belmarsh prison, south London (governor: Bill Duff), which has notched up three frightful suicides since March. Matthew Holmes, 22, who suffered from skin cancer, was serving 10 months for burglary. He was found hanging in his cell in the prison's Health Care Centre (*sic*) on 25 March. Ricky Overy, 31, on remand for robbery, was found hanging in his cell in the Health Care Centre (*sic*) on 6 July. John Sebastian, 23, on remand for indecent assault, was found hanging in his cell in the segregation unit on 19 September.

At the recent inquest of Matthew Holmes, it was revealed that his belt with which he hanged himself had been taken away from him twice *and then handed back to him*. When he removed the belt the second time, a prison officer wrote three words in the prison record. WE NEVER LEARN. Deborah Coles of Inquest, which monitors deaths in custody, told the *Eye*: "What does it take for the government to notice this relentless tide of unnecessary deaths? When will they be held accountable?"

NOMURA: The Inn Crowd

■ **THE news of the sale of 4,000 pubs owned by Inntrepreneur and Spring Inns raised the hopes of thousands of British publicans that they would at last be free from the clutches of a hated monopoly.**

For years the publicans have been challenging a clause in their lease known as the "purchase tie" which forces them to buy beer from Inntrepreneur and Spring Inns at inflated prices. In an expensive and complicated action which is expected to go all the way to Europe, more than 1,000 publicans are suing their landlords claiming the purchase tie is illegal.

Then on 22 September came news which many publicans hoped would solve their problem. Grand Metropolitan and Fosters announced that they were selling Inntrepreneur and Spring Inns. Champagne flowed in pubs all over the country — until the identity of the buyer was revealed. It is Nomura, the Japanese banking giant recently in trouble for its close connections with the Far East Mafia.

In May Nomura's deposed president and three former executives, including its general manager, were charged with paying millions of yen in protection money to international racketeers. Nomura lost its licence as an underwriter and was chucked out of the Tokyo bond market.

Under its new management, the British pub monopoly will be even more powerful. Nomura has announced plans to merge its 4,000 new pubs with their Phoenix Inns pub chain, which owns another 1,000. No one expects the publicans' lives to be any easier under the new management.

PS: Earlier this year Nomura completed the purchase of the married quarters of the entire British armed forces. So now a Japanese company connected to the Mafia owns the homes of all British servicemen — and most of the pubs they drink in.

THE LAWNMOWER MAN

■ **IN RESPONSE to what it calls "overwhelming demand", Hawksmere, a PR company, has announced a series of four workshops on "the topics most requested by those working in PR". The four one-day sessions in fashionable Chelsea will only cost you £425.**

There are three lecturers, including one by former BBC correspondent Graham Leach who will be talking about "the demands of radio and television"; "the do's and dont's of media relations"; "making the most of different media" and "what makes news?".

Leach is likely to deal with the problem of hostile publicity — especially from trigger-happy MPs who use the parliamentary order paper to spread scandalous rumours. He might refer in this context to the early-day motion put down by Michael Fabricant MP in January 1995.

Cumbrously entitled "BBC Expenses and The Retirement of Graham Leach", the motion referred to "persistent stories of expense claims from one journalist 1) for the cost of air freighting pianos from South Africa to Europe 2) the purchase of a lawnmower for a fifth-floor apartment 3) the apparent acquisition of fax paper on a Harrods invoice for over £300 4) the provision of office furniture which subsequently could not be found in a BBC audit and 5) the expense of paying for his children at private schools even when the journalist was based back in Britain".

JOHN WALTER: Only 25 million dollars for a few months work

E-mail deadlier than the mail

■ **THE availability of e-mail to lowly employees of big companies can lead to the circulation of disgracefully insubordinate messages — as British staff at the giant multinational AT&T have just discovered.**

They recently received a message from a cheeky clerk which started: "Yesterday I received two e-mails... Here are two extracts."

The first was a message to staff dated 16 July 1997 from Bob Aquelina, company president for Europe, the Middle East and Africa. It referred to John Walter who had just departed after a very short stay as international President. "Under the terms of his employment contract with AT&T, John Walter, who has also resigned as a director of the company, will receive separation payments of approximately $3.6m. This is in addition to the compensation package of about $22m dollars AT&T provided him to replace his salary, pension and bonuses he forfeited when he left R.R. Donnelley last October after nine years as chief executive."

The second was a message "to all employees" from AT&T's British president Dennis Roth, also dated 16 July. "Our ability to drive forward our *Enabling Growth* strategy is predicated upon our ability to meet the Business Plan... We therefore need to take action now to improve our costs structure to secure our future. This is a problem we must own collectively and I implore each and every one of you to take whatever steps you can to reduce expense. All discretionary expenditure must be questioned before parting with company funds."

The clerk's message was eagerly read by thousands of AT&T employees, including Sara Barclay-Hudson, centre director of AT&T Solutions Customer Care in Britain. She fired off yet another e-mail to the intrigued employees. "I was a recipient, like everyone else, of an e-mail sent 30 minutes ago from a departing employee of the AT&T Solutions Customer Care operation in St Alphage Gardens. I have already addressed the matter with Dennis Roth. To all AT&T employees I would like to offer my apologies for the appalling, cowardly and disrespectful lack of professionalism displayed by this individual who completed a short-term clerical assignment here today. This action is categorically not representative of the professionalism of the Solutions Customer Care team, but none the less I apologise unreservedly for the behaviour of this one individual."

AT&T

Judging from the number of these e-mails sent into the *Eye* by appalling, cowardly and disrespectful AT&T employees, not all of them share Ms Barclay-Hudson's high professional standards.

Sued Corner

ONE NAME carefully never mentioned in all the prodigious press conferences and celebrations about the mighty merger between two of the Big Six accountancy giants, Price Waterhouse and Coopers & Lybrand, is Robert Maxwell.

Maxwell's accountant, Coopers & Lybrand, is being sued for negligence by the administrators of the bankrupt Maxwell Communications Corporation, er, Price Waterhouse. A spokesman for PW told the *Eye* that the legal action was likely to drag on for several years. What would happen when the two firms merged?

"Well, obviously we can't sue ourselves," said the spokesman. "We recognise the merger will give rise to a conflict of interest and we are in urgent discussions with our lawyers to see how this matter can best be resolved in the interests of the Maxwell creditors, which are paramount."

Other creditors whose interests are just as paramount are those who lost money in the crash of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, whose auditors were Price Waterhouse.

Hackney Downs Syndrome

■ **NOTHING better illustrates the devotion of "new" Labour's education ministers to the policies of their Tory predecessors than the appointment of Richard Painter to head the government's "improvement team" for Hackney schools.**

Mr Painter is a big wheel in the Tory borough of Wandsworth where he is a close associate of swashbuckling council leader Edward Lister. Both men work for ADT, a burglar alarms and car auction company which is registered in Bermuda to avoid tax and whose mastermind and chairman, Michael Ashcroft, lives in Belize for the same reason.

Ashcroft was a devoted friend of the Thatcher family. As proof of his belief in Tory education policy, he lobbed a couple of million into a new "city technology college" in Wandsworth, which duly took the proud name ADT. The school is run by the ADT Trust, whose chairman Mr Painter is paid by ADT. Naturally, perhaps, the security system installed in the school is provided by ADT. Seventeen other schools at Wandsworth have bought ADT systems. The firm's success at clinching the contract for these systems must have delighted the general manager of the ADT sales team in Bermondsey, Edward Lister, though of course as leader of Wandsworth council he declared his interest and took no part in any discussion about ADT.

As ADT employees, Mr Painter and Mr Lister were staunchly loyal to their chairman, Michael Ashcroft, and to his beloved Tory party. In September 1994 Mr Painter accompanied three Tory MPs — Jacques Arnold (Gravesham); Andrew Rowe (Mid-Kent); and Dick Tracey (Surbiton) — on a tour of the Caribbean and introduced them proudly to the ADT chairman in Belize.

In 1995 the Tory government wanted to close Hackney Downs, an impoverished school in the poorest part of London. Secretary of state Gillian Shephard appointed Painter chairman of a special association which stormed into Hackney, closed down the school and packed its bewildered pupils off to a neighbouring school where the exam results had been worse.

RICHARD PAINTER: ADT man comes to Hackney

Two years later, when David Blunkett wanted to clean up Hackney schools, he turned at once to the man chosen by Gillian Shephard. The department of education and employment tells the *Eye* that Mr Painter is "the best man for the job" because of his record in local government, in education and in Hackney, and his commitment to "business links" with education "which we support". Asked about Painter's political background and the renowned expertise in tax avoidance of ADT, the department said it had "no comment".

In 1995 the *Eye* sent a list of mild questions about ADT and other matters to Mr Painter. There was no reply nor any explanation why. The questions, with a couple of additions about the Caribbean freebie, were sent to him again last week — with the same result.

High Principals

WE'RE ALL GOING ON A SUMMERS HOLIDAY

■ **RADIO 4's *Face the Facts* on 24 September dramatically revealed that the clerk to the governors of Doncaster College, Nina Ashurst, wife of chief executive Terry Ashurst (recent *Eyes passim*), "has stepped down". The news has been greeted with unseemly glee in the college corridors.**

Will her example be followed in other colleges? At Huntingdon College, as the *Eye* reported in August, Susan Summers, the wife of principal Richard Summers, is community education manager. She got the job without it being advertised.

Mr Summers confirmed her position (and the employment of his student daughter at the college) in a prompt reply to the *Eye* questions. On 10 September the Eye sent him some more questions. This time, no reply. So here are the questions — with some answers of our own:

1 Q: Has the head of community education (Mrs Summers) been awarded a bonus and pay rise this year? If so by how much does this increase her salary? A: Yes, about 10 percent.

2 Q: Who authorised the bonus and the pay rise? A: The director of finance, Steven Lincoln.

3 Q: What was the purpose of your and your wife's trip, along with Pree Newbon (then chairwoman of the college governors), to Sorrento for a week? Answer: Holidays last year. Mr and Mrs Summers went to Sorrento for their holidays again this year, accompanied this time by the director of finance Steven Lincoln and his wife.

4 Q: Have the lecturers at your college had any pay rise in the last year? A: Yes: 2 percent.

If we thought we had a chance of a reply, we might ask another question:

Q: How much was the allocation from the "Patch" (staff training) budget for Susan Summers's recent Institute of Management Diploma? A: £995, about seven times higher than any other grant for any other staff member.

YEOVIL FUNCTION

■ **THE English language department at Yeovil college is devoting a special session this term to the meaning of the word "choice". Flushed with success at reducing his permanent staff by "more than 80", Richard Atkins, principal, has been campaigning for new staff contracts giving him almost complete control over the hours lecturers work.**

"You have a choice," he explained. "If you don't sign, you can leave." A sheaf of principal's letters demanding acceptance of the new contracts bombarded staff at home. When one staff member, seriously ill in hospital, asked a friend to tell the "human resources" department of her plight, "human resources" had a quick answer: "They have faxes in hospital." Mr Atkins has appointed his third finance officer in recent years, and plans to reduce the college's £1.7m debt by selling off a building which has only recently been renovated and includes the college playing fields.

Sapte in the face

■ **IN JULY the *Eye* published the strange story of how Natwest Bank gave a customer a credit rating for a company which was swindling the Natwest Bank.**

In recent weeks the customer, Bath surveyor Niall Carter (who claims his business was ruined as a direct result of the inaccurate reference and is suing the bank for £3.6m) has written to Natwest chairman Lord Alexander and to chief executive Derek Wanless. His letters asked for clarification of an answer Alexander gave at a recent meeting.

On 16 September Mr Carter's solicitors were surprised to get a letter from Wilde Sapte, the City lawyers who represent Natwest. The letter, from senior partner Mark Gill, complains: "Mr Carter has continued to correspond direct with Natwest. He has subsequently continued his campaign and arranged for scurrilous articles to be published in *Private Eye* and *Business Age*. We would urge you to persuade Mr Carter to desist from this conduct."

Mr Carter has not complied. Naively, he imagines that he can write letters to whom he pleases — even to the Natwest Bank.

PS: Thesaurus definition: *SCURRILOUS: Adj. Insolent, abusive, offensive, shameless, insulting. cf: natwest, wilde sapte...*

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183

In the City

THE beaming-down of Kevin Keegan at Craven Cottage prompted a stampede of stories about how the billionaire Mohamed Fayed would be opening his bountiful cheque book to propel second division Fulham — presumably to be known henceforth as the Pharaohs — into soccer's premiership.

Keegan's arrival was seen as another down-payment from the £30m "committed" to this goal, and once again hacks waxed expansively on the impact of the unlimited Fayed wealth. But how real are these billionaire estimates which appear to rely as much on the Fayed burn rate — yacht, jets, mansions, costly investments like Fulham and *Punch* — as on the image encouraged by his mouthpiece and private video star, Michael Cole?

What everybody concentrates on are the Fayed assets: in particular Harrods and the Ritz Hotel in Paris. But what are always ignored are the liabilities.

Since 1994 when he sold off the other House of Fraser stores and took the City for a £413m ride, Fayed has been getting in ever deeper with the banks. Whatever the truth of whose £570m other than the Fayed family's was used to buy Harrods in 1985, there is little doubt that prior to the HoF flotation Fayed was juggling with a debt mountain that at its peak could have been as high as £1bn. But by 1994, asset sales and refinancing at lower interest rates, culminating in disposal of the rag bag of Fraser stores, left Fayed free of the HoF burden and able to pay-off most if not all the loans he had incurred in buying Harrods.

By 1995 Harrods Holdings, the key Fayed company, had bank borrowings and overdrafts of £139m, down from £443m the previous year, mostly represented by a new £130m loan facility. Since then the bank debt has grown to £206m, and last February, after the financial year end, the company negotiated a new five-year facility, this time for up to £370m.

The Harrods cash dispenser — sales last year: £437m — ensures there is no shortage of cash flow to pay growing interest charges. But bank debt will have to be refinanced in 2002, and unless Fayed can reinstate his flotation plans (unlikely given the problems of disclosure and reputation which torpedoed the last attempt) there is no second HoF to sell.

A similar tale is revealed by the financial statements for the Ritz which has amassed regular losses in the almost 20 years Fayed has owned it. The hotel was forced to renegotiate its bank loans last year after the lender collapsed. It has drawn down at least £14m of an £18m facility which has to be repaid in 1999.

All of which suggests some substantial deductions need to be made from Mohamed Fayed's "billionaire" status. The cost of servicing the Harrods Holdings bank debt may also reduce the amount the phoney pharaoh will be able to take out to finance his lifestyle and expensive hobbies like Fulham. Last year Harrods Holdings paid a £20m dividend to the Bermuda exempt limited partnership and its Panamanian and British Virgin Islands partners which represent the interests of the Fayed family. That was half the £40m paid in the previous year. But unless profits show a big improvement, rising interest charges could necessitate a further dividend cut and perhaps even some belt tightening. All of which suggests that promotion and TV money may be more essential to Fulham than that fabled Fayed fortune.

HOME SECRETARY Jack Straw's attack on legal "fat cats" growing rich on legal aid cream is unlikely to cause any of the beneficiaries of taxpayer largesse to lose sleep. Particularly not those QCs and solicitors who monopolise that 1 percent of cases which gobbles up 40 percent of the £1.5bn legal aid budget — fraud trials.

One prominent defender of guilty suits now concentrates almost exclusively on fraud cases where the clients will obtain huge legal aid ... either because they are bankrupt or because it is held that they cannot afford the type of defence to which they must be accustomed if the Serious Farce Office (also paid by the taxpayer) is on the other side!

Bar Council chairman Robert Owen (star of the ill-fated Asil Nadir non-prosecution) was quick to reiterate the Pavlovian mantra that such costs were due to the length and complexity of fraud cases. The debate will continue, as it has done for years, while the bill continues to mount.

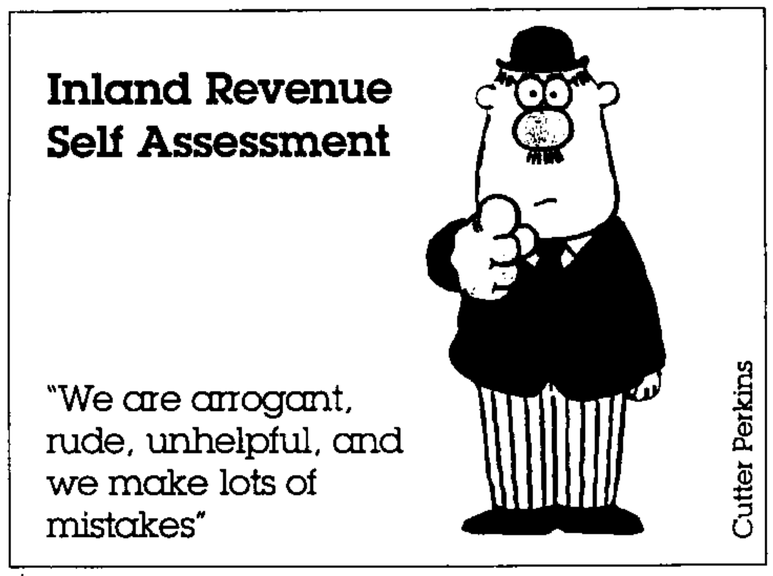
The problem is that in court nobody speaks for the taxpayer when it comes to controlling the cost or length of fraud trials. That role is supposed to be played by the trial judge, but all too often they are too afraid of creating appeal points by rejecting defence applications for adjournments, evidence, expert witnesses or at trial pushing the case along by curtailing cross-examination. The result it that few fraud trials reach court within less than two years, and most last a minimum three to six months. The situation is now far worse, and thereby far more costly, than it was in the early 80s when the Roskill commission was set up to deal with the problem!

Defendants' requests for adjournments are rarely refused no matter how spurious the reason. A tried and tested favourite is to demand new solicitors. That means they must have time to prepare. It also means two sets of solicitors' bills. That was one reason the Abbas Gokal/BCCI trial is estimated to have cost up to £4m.

Once a trial date is changed it can be months before the QCs are available again. And as every court observer knows, it is the availability of the QCs, especially for the defendant, which really dictates in most cases a new trial date. There is never any question of a new QC who is available sooner being imposed.

Then there is the proliferation of evidence and expert witnesses. Fraud trials are all about paper trails. So the defence will demand endless documents, most of which turn out to be irrelevant but which must be examined. This in turn produces all the trial witnesses who must be called to "prove" each document. Much of this evidence could be avoided if defendants agree to admit documents. But there is no effective inducement to do so. And as every good defence lawyer knows, if the reliability or provenance of a document can be questioned, then the chain breaks and the bad guy may walk away.

Finally, there is the demand for "his and hers" expert witnesses — usually forensic accountants who



are hired at great expense to examine the same set of documents twice. Again much of this evidence goes unused but not, sadly, unpaid for by the taxpayer. Bills for such work in trials like Brent Walker, BCCI and Maxwell can top £1m.

Although judges have the power to make wasted cost orders against barristers and solicitors, this threat — made in the Eagle Trust and second Brent Walker trials — is rarely if ever carried out. After all, if the lawyer is mandated to do his best for his client, how can it be wrong to spend as much time and money as the taxpayer will allow?

The soaring cost of prosecuting fraud will only be controlled when judges take back control of their court rooms and appeal judges signal that defending the taxpayer from abuse is more important than enriching a small group of legal "fat cats".

CHARTERED accountant-turned boxing promoter Panos Eliades must be hoping his chief "asset", World Boxing Council heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis, has greater success with challenger Andrew Golota on 4 October than he has with the auditors of his company Panix Promotions.

Auditors Lee Christian continue to qualify the Panix accounts due to a lack of "third party confirmations" regarding payments and an absence of proper records. As a result the 1995 and 1996 Panix accounts, like those of 1994, are held not to give a "true and fair view" of the company's affairs. All rather embarrassing for an accountant.

It is good that Eliades is so successful as an insolvency expert for Panix, like its predecessor Champion Enterprises (RIP), has clearly represented a drain on his resources, especially after Lewis unexpectedly lost the championship in 1994. Panix receives a percentage, perhaps 25 percent, of Lewis' ring earnings but also picks up some hefty bills. As it does not publish full accounts, the key numbers are not available; but the abbreviated version shows that 1994-95 produced a turn around to a small accumulated net loss of £31,000 from a previous £91,000 profit. For 1995-96 the accumulated net loss jumped to £333,000.

With Lewis champion again this year the company is said to be profitable once more — no doubt helped by the reported $4m Lewis was paid last year not to fight Mike Tyson. Now Eliades has to hope there is no upset with Golota to ruin his hopes of a big payback on his investment.

'Slicker'

CHOOSE THE
CHOOSE PLANE
THE TIME
CHOOSE THE
FREEDOM
CHOOSE
AIR LONDON

AIR LONDON PLC
Global Charter Solutions
01293 549555

The only Accounts Program you'll ever need, for ~~£234~~ FREE

What's the catch?

(We suggest you read the small print)

PAGE*ultra*
PAGE*ultra* is designed to do everything you need from an Accounts package, yet it is simplicity itself to use. It is the latest and most flexible in the Page Accounts series, already used successfully by thousands of PC and mainframe users all over the world. You may never need to buy another package.

Small Print
Sorry the print is so small, but PAGE*ultra* is so packed with features, we couldn't find any other way of covering them all.

Easy to Install
PAGE*ultra* comes on a single disk and can be installed in minutes on virtually any PC with a hard drive. All it needs is DOS, OS/2 or Windows, and 560k free memory.

Businesses Great and Small
PAGE*ultra* is designed to work equally well for a wide range of businesses, from one man operations up to large accounts departments. With our multi-user version, the program can run on anything up to 64 PC's.

Flexibility
PAGE*ultra* is ultra-flexible. You have total control over printed layouts, so you can use your existing invoice and statement paper, or print on plain paper. There is even an interface for bar code scanners, and an optional package with cash drawer support–ideal for retailers.

Currencies
PAGE*ultra* allows you to enter costs in any of 21 different currencies, with your chosen currencies and conversions automatically appearing on invoices, purchase orders, sales orders and VAT reporting.

Financial Knowledge, Financial Power
PAGE*ultra* has all the features you'll ever need to control your business accounts, like cash book, standing orders, bank reconciliation, trading profit and loss reports, bad debts, late payers, average payment times, credit limits, cheque writing and early settlement discounts.

Stock Control
PAGE*ultra* allows you to control your stock with total efficiency. Each item is categorised and you can choose which elements of stock you want to control, and which you don't. Stock levels are visible at a glance, so you need never overstock or run out again at any location.

Invoices
Invoices can be generated automatically, but the system is also flexible enough to allow for those difficult one-off, hand-written invoices as well. As soon as you save the invoice, all stock and credit levels are instantly updated. You can build in a comprehensive discount structure, including multiple discount levels on a single invoice.

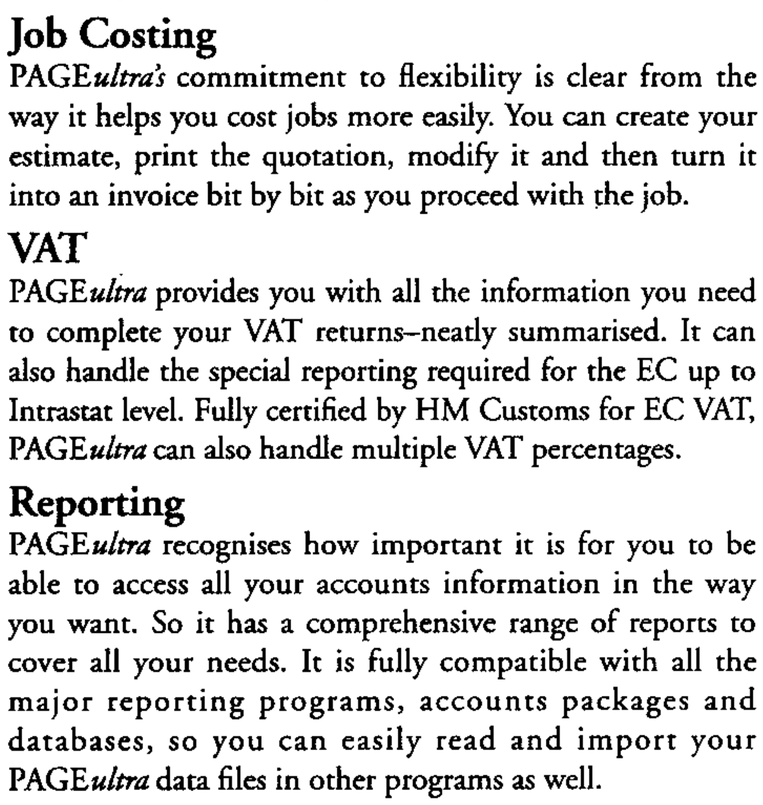
Sales and Purchase Order Processing
PAGE*ultra* ensures efficient order processing with features like line duplication prevention, delivery notes, order acknowledgments, automatic invoice preparation, multiple delivery addresses and reconciliation against goods received.

Bill of Materials
With PAGE*ultra* you can handle even the most complex bill of materials, up to 64 nested levels. It can even manage a reverse form of bill of materials, with the code for one item generating a list of its component parts, all separately described and priced.

Job Costing
PAGE*ultra's* commitment to flexibility is clear from the way it helps you cost jobs more easily. You can create your estimate, print the quotation, modify it and then turn it into an invoice bit by bit as you proceed with the job.

VAT
PAGE*ultra* provides you with all the information you need to complete your VAT returns–neatly summarised. It can also handle the special reporting required for the EC up to Intrastat level. Fully certified by HM Customs for EC VAT, PAGE*ultra* can also handle multiple VAT percentages.

Reporting
PAGE*ultra* recognises how important it is for you to be able to access all your accounts information in the way you want. So it has a comprehensive range of reports to cover all your needs. It is fully compatible with all the major reporting programs, accounts packages and databases, so you can easily read and import your PAGE*ultra* data files in other programs as well.



Security and Compatibility
PAGE*ultra* has an integrated multi-level data checking and corruption repair system to protect your data files. Because PAGE*ultra* is written in super fast C++ and the data files are in industry standard dBase (r), you get the best in both speed of operation and compatibility with all other major software programs.

Checklist
- Sales, purchase and nominal ledgers.
- Sales and purchase order processing.
- Powerful file anti-corruption system.
- Full bank reconciliation.
- Full UK and EC VAT (up to Intrastat).
- Automatic standing orders.
- Comprehensive choice of reports.
- Flexible job costing and estimate system.
- Up to 21 currencies of your choice.
- Industry standard dBase (r) format files.
- Single installation disk.

What's the Catch?
There is no catch. You may perpetually use a single user license of PAGE*ultra* for the cost of delivery and handling for free. There is no support - please call for network pricing (from £399 + VAT).

Yes, I would like to take advantage of your generous offer and enclose my cheque or credit card details (Mastercard, VISA, Switch, Delta, Diners, Amex).

Please send the following:

☐ The program disks. Handling charge @ £5.88

☐ The professionally produced manual + disks @ £45.88 (no support)

☐ Extended Support @ £116.33 (includes, disks, manual, 12 months support, low cost upgrades to Windows, OS/2 and Unix versions on release, any DOS upgrades during support period, program to fix accidentally corrupted files)

Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

_____ Postcode _____

Daytime Telephone/Fax _____

Card No. _____

Expiry Date _____

Issue No. _____
(Switch)

Start Date _____
(Switch/Diners)

Atlantic Coast PLC Station Rd Colyton Devon EX13 6HA Tel 07000-BUYMEE BROWN BAG Software Telephone 01297 552222 Fax 01297 553366 Email sales@atlantic-coast.com

specialEYEs

for sale

NUMBER 1 NOSTALGIA

THE ULTIMATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT

A radio programme built just for you, containing EVERY NUMBER 1 HIT over the years on your, or your partner's, birthday, carefully mixed with just the right amount of year idents, so you know "what's what".

And now, if you want it, incorporating all those "interesting" little facts about your partner they thought everyone had long forgotten. And that's not all, this programme will be BROADCAST OVER THE INTERNET for the whole world to hear! And then a PERFECT COPY CD will be sent as a permanent archive reminder of the event. For copyright reasons there's only ever one copy of your program so you know it's truly the ULTIMATE BIRTHDAY PRESENT. And the price for all this exclusivity? JUST £125 for the WHOLE PACKAGE!!

For a FREE information pack either ring us on 0800 731 0185 (lines open 24hrs) or write: NUMBER 1 NOSTALGIA, The Gables, Parton Road, Churchdown GL3 2JJ.

Hen Stag Office Birthday Dinner Rave Fun

Very naughty, saucy and bawdy

ADULT PARTY CRACKERS

Quality crackers for adult party *fun*... *plus* lots of other sexy *fun* party products.

For Fast Info **PHONE: 07000 CRACKERS (07000 272253)**
FAX: 01903 238464 or WRITE to:
The Adult Party Cracker Co Ltd
Dept. PO Box 6969, Worthing BN14 8RY

STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY!

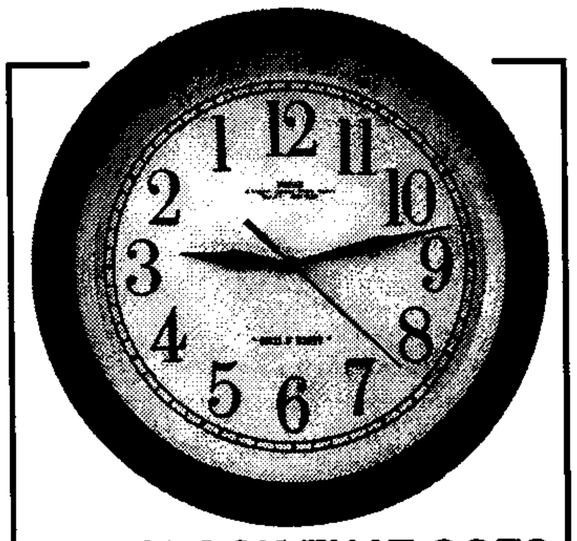
New-Year House-Warming Drinks Xmas BBQ

GENUINE BIRTHDAY NEWSPAPERS

From largest archives saved from 1642-1996. Sunday Newspapers from 1915. Ready for presentation. Same day dispatch. PE

REMEMBER WHEN
520 Purley Way,
Croydon CR0 4RE

0181 688 6323



THE CLOCK THAT GOES BACKWARDS

Classy, accurate 11" glazed quartz wall-clock; red second hand, black frame and figures. Anti-clockwise movement, easy to read if you are used to it, confusing if not. *A08* - **£9.95**

Awake to the sound of the farmyard with THE CLOCKEREL

Pretty 4½" tall quartz alarm clock (luminous figures, second hand) which crows loudly and realistically instead of ringing. *A14* - **£8.95**

Immediate despatch, post free.

HAWKIN & Co.
St. Margaret, Harleston,
Norfolk IP20 0EY
Tel: 01986 782536
Fax: 01986 782468

personal

Problem Drinking

WE CAN HELP!

Castle Craig RESIDENTIAL CLINIC

for understanding, caring treatment and recovery from alcoholism and other addictions. Private, Corporate or NHS. ISO9002 accredited. Medically directed specialist clinical programme. 47 acre private grounds.

FOR BROCHURE, PHONE
01721 752625

Or write to Castle Craig Clinic, Blyth Bridge, Peebles EH46 7DH.

the Phone Café

WHERE ALL THE WOMEN ARE GENUINE CALLERS

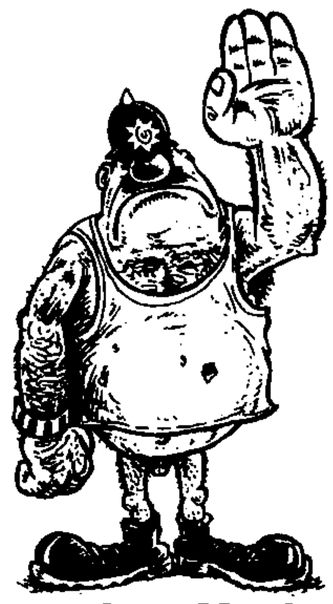
DON'T GET MONKEYED AROUND

0891 30 31 71

Calls cost 50p/min at all times
TPC, Box No 28, 93 Cowcross St, London EC1M 6BH

cartoons

JACK DUNCAN CARTOONS AND BOOKS



We are pleased to announce that we will now be staying at our shop in Museum Street until January 1998.

Our stunning stock of original cartoons includes those by WILLIE RUSHTON, RIDDELL, STEVE BELL, McLACHLAN, CLUFF, MATT, NEWMAN, KEN PYNE, STEVE APPLEBY, HONEYSETT and many many more.

Open Monday to Friday 10-6pm Saturday 11-5pm
44 Museum Street, London WC1A 1LY Tel: 0171 242 5335

courses

WANTEd KEEN READERS
(Spot our errors!)

Would you like to earn £9 to £12 an hour part or full-time working from home reading books for publishers and other organizations.

Many freelanse proofreaders and editers have been trained by Chapterhouse over the passed seven years. (Read some of their comments in our Prospectus).

People with no preveous experience, but a keen interest in, books, have established there own business with our help in technique and marketing.

Not everyone can be succesful, but with application this could be the career you have been looking for.

You need enthousiasm and a sharp eye. Your age and background is irrelevent. Send this advertisement marking all the mistakes you can find (or telephone us). We will send a FREE PROSPECTUS of our correspondence and seminar training courses without obligatoin

Chapterhouse, 2 Southernhay West, Exeter, EX1 1JG.
Telephone: 01392 499488 Fax: 01392 498008

PRIVATE EYE

SUBSCRIPTIONS ORDER FORM

Mortimer House, 230-236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE
UK: £17 Europe & Eire: £25 Airmail – rest of world: £33

Magazines to:

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Please print & use the postcode

I enclose cheque for £ . . . . . for a year's subscription (26 issues)

OR

Please charge ACCESS VISA Card expires: ___ / ___

Card number:

Cardholder's name & address if different from above

OR: Why not 'Dial-A-Sub' 0171-228 0425 'Fax-A-Sub' 0171-924 3719

Overseas subscribers please note: payment must be made by International Money Order **OR** Bankers Draft in £ Sterling drawn on London **OR** ACCESS/VISA.

meeting people

Club SIRIUS
ALTOGETHER MORE FUN

Club Sirius Magazine
ask for your copy !

BSI REGISTERED FIRM

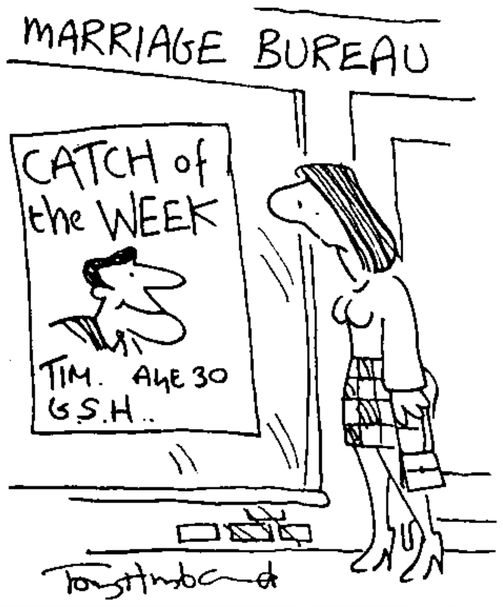
Club Sirius, for the intelligent, articulate and well educated. Even before you subscribe we will send you 24 in depth profiles of members in your area. Join now and claim...

£100 of free phone calls !

0800 LIAISON 5 4 2 4 7 6 6

FREEPOST 305 London EC1B 1SY 8.30am-10.30pm 7days/wk

MARRIAGE BUREAU



"The doyenne of match makers" (*Daily Telegraph*) **is Penrose Halson, who runs the**

KATHARINE ALLEN bureau. For information call

0171 935 3115

or write to :

Katharine Allen

18 Thayer Street ~ London W1M 5LD

★ STOCKBROKERS • DOCTORS • ADVERTISING • ACCOUNTANTS • ARCHITECTS ★

SCIENTISTS • DESIGNERS

EDUCATIONALISTS • WRITERS

drawing down *the* moon

THE ORIGINAL PERSONAL INTRODUCTION AGENCY

Est.1984

Probably the *best* agency in the world

0171-937 6263

Head Office: Adam & Eve Mews, Kensington
City Office: Cannon Street

24 hours. Member ABIA

★ MEDIA COMPANY DIRECTORS • LAWYERS • PR • BANKERS • MARKETING ★

services

CHEQUES CASHED

NO BANK ACCOUNT NEEDED
PERSONAL BUSINESS AND A/C PAYEE
CHEQUES CASHED ON THE SPOT IN THE
CURRENCY OF YOUR CHOICE

CHEQUEPOINT

24 BRANCHES IN LONDON

FREEPHONE 0800 699 799

SPEECHWRITING SERVICES

CORPORATE • SOCIAL • POLITICAL

Fully Customised and confidential

MAKE EM LAUGH *OR* NO FEE!

Emergency Speeches Undertaken

Britain's leading Professional

MITCH MURRAY

01624 622660

Access - Visa - Mastercard

LONDON CONVEYANCING AT PROVINCIAL RATES

eg £300 plus VAT and disbursements for a purchase price of less than £150,000. Please telephone Peter Brooks for further details.

Bevans solicitors

155 Whiteladies Road
Clifton
Bristol
BS8 2RF
Tel: 0117 923 7249
Fax: 0117 923 7253

drink

++Ten Years of Innovation++
++Ten Years of Excellence++

EVIAN

EURO BLEND

CARBOHYDRATE DRINK MIX

Advanced 1 Hour Formula

One hour after drinking Euro Blend, your urine may be pure for between 4 to 5 hours.

For more Information or to place an order call/fax Dot UK on: 01525 370 702

To use **specialEYEs**

please call Irene Evans on
0171 437 2717

PRIVATE EYE SMALLS

Classified Linage • £1.75 per word inclusive

0171 439 1151

Send advertisements and Box Number replies to:
PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.
Tel: 0171 439 1141. Fax: 0171 437 0705. Email:eyeads@cix.compulink.co.uk

Deadline for next issue — 7th OCTOBER

EYE SAY

LIGHT ON MEDICAL FRAUD — vaccination, cancer, HIV, animal "research", fluoridation, Gulf Syndrome. Sae PAT RATTIGAN, NEMESIS, 1 Quarrybank, Chesterfield S41 0HH.

LYN — thanks for the memory. Love IAN.

TIMES NEWSPAPER Completely Sold Out Shock! Swedish Royal Family outraged! TIMES's photographic editor carpeted! King Gustav demands invitation to Rosie and Steve's wedding! TIMES's print-run trebled! (Phew! What an engagement!)

MI5/BBC Conspiracy http://pair.com/spook/

MAKE FRIENDS in AMERICA — See EYE CONTACT

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 31.

EYE NOVELTIES

THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE and Knights Templar still exist. For charity funds offering titles, ranks and awards. Details: COUNT VAN DER HOORT, HRE European Office, POB 372, Paphos, Cyprus.

NAUGHTY CRACKERS — for any sort of occasion. Stag/Hen/Office/Dinner Parties — any number. Brochures on request. Telephone: 01323 833138.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTO — 01327 359213.

BIRTHDATE NEWSPAPER — original, pinpointing VERY DAY they were born. £19. (Plus free 1880s Times same birthdate!) 01492 531195.

SPECIAL OCCASION? Balloon-a-grams delivered nationwide. Credit Card orders welcome. FreePhone 0500 1066 21.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES made to order. SAE to P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW. E-mail peter@prestige.u-net.com

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING printed onto T-shirts and much more. No minimum quantity. Immediate delivery. Credit Card orders welcome. FREEPHONE 0500 1066 21.

CRICKET, RUGBY, GOLF gifts — our 1997/98 catalogue is full of unique gifts, unusual trophies, sporting Christmas stocking fillers, books and videos for all ages. THE CRICKETER, 01892 740697.

BALLOON FLIGHTS — Berks/Hants/Herts/Oxon/Surrey & over London! £115 — ADVENTURE BALLOONS 0181 840 0108.

CARICATURES FROM PHOTOS — 01639 644292.

A TITLE FOR A TENNER? Indubitably! Details from SURVIVAL (P), Scotscalder, Scotland KW12 6XJ.

WALKABOUT MAGICIAN — 01380 850453.

BIRTHDAY/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800 906609.

ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING printed onto a t-shirt/mousemat! A.P.P.S., 26 Thurnham Street, Lancaster LA1 1XU, 01524 841286 (daytime). Bulk/trade enquiries welcome.

LIVE CARICATURISTS! — 0181 520 7262.

EYE WORK

FIT, VERSATILE, articulate 40s driver, passport, requires lucrative work. 01766 831251.

METALLURGIST, 38, broad experience, seeks interesting and challenging position. Box 1834.

EYE DRINK

0800-CHAMPAGNE (0800-242 672). Gift-wrapped — delivered nationwide.

PERSONALISED BEER — your message printed on the label. £24.90, 12 bottles, boxed, delivered. 01505 850267.

EYE DETECT

PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS — telephone 0421 032638.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR — domestic & commercial. Discrete, professional service. C&S INVESTIGATIONS (0374) 459954. Fax: (01522) 788929

PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATIVE services — TJN SECURITY. 0973 448887.

PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS 0973 842330.

CLEVER DICK Investigations — ex-directory numbers obtained. 01523 127993.

LINK INVESTIGATIONS — the private and commercial information agency. PROFESSIONAL, CONFIDENTIAL, 01737 844824.

BUGGING DEVICE — transmits to FM Radio £12.95. Cheques/POs MICROTECH, Chestnut Road, Guildford GU1 1HG. Visa/Access 01483 570417, 0374 949630.

EYE SELL

MAD NUMBER TWO — Offers. Box 0134.

CUBAN CIGARS — Box 25 Robustos — Offers: 0181 674 9847.

OLD PERSIAN RUGS — marquee sale of Old Oriental rugs at KENT COUNTRY HOUSE 4th and 5th October. Mostly £100-£3,000. Card, details: DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham. 01622 871353.

ENGLISH NON-INHERITABLE TITLES for sale — Lords, Barons, etc. 01803 858644.

GROW ANYTHING, anywhere, anytime — GROWELL HYDROPONICS & PLANT LIGHTING, 01675 443950. Free Brochure.

WE SELL WIND generators, solar panels, bugs, moonshine bibles, night vision equipment, lasers, border guard binoculars, etc. FREE catalogue BULL ELECTRICAL 01273 203500.

LOGS DELIVERED, LONDON — oak/ash 10x40lb sacks, £65. 0181 691 4984.

LIMITED COMPANIES — £39.99. 0800 9804565.

RADIO CONTROLLED watches and clocks phenomenally accurate Junghans, Kundo and Zeon Tech timepieces by Mail Order. Free catalogue. CORNEAL CLOCKS & WATCHES, Freepost LS6541B, Leeds, LS8 5YY. Tel: 0113 293 7437 (24hrs 7 days)

EYE READ

BOOKS SEARCHED FOR — often found. £10 finding fee. No find, no fee. HILARY RITTNER 0181 858 7759.

INDEXING SERVICES — IAN CRAINE BA, Oxon, 460 West Green Road, London N15 3PT. Tel: 0171 336 6696.

THE ANTIQUE MARKET — a new monthly magazine for selling antiques and collectibles full of photographs of individual pieces with descriptions, prices and owners' telephone numbers. Send cheque £2.50 made to: THE ANTIQUE MARKET, PO Box 12743, London WC1R 4EP. Tel: 0181 477 5405, 0171 497 5501.

OUT OF PRINT BOOKS found — 01376 562334.

ANYBOOK, ANYWHERE — http://www.bookstore.co.uk 01494 882252.

EYE JOIN

BIRMINGHAM & DISTRICT anarchist alliance — people interested, contact Box 1534.

EYE EARN

FREE BUSINESS — free product. 0121 429 1570.

IS WORK an annoying interruption to your day? Change your life! 0181 236 4621 (recorded message).

ROULETTE — brilliant new system — Windsor, 1a South Parade, Leeds LS27 8AJ.

EARN £300 A DAY for three hours work. Work from home, no stock, no competition. 0181 270 8937.

NETWORK MARKET a business product. Effort reaps high rewards. 01993 840452.

EARN £5,000 PER MONTH working part-time from home as we do. Not MLM. Places on this exclusive scheme are strictly limited. Don't delay, join the 90s cash bonanza. For information pack: BYZANTER ENTERPRISES, Publishing Services, 215 Alexander Road, Birmingham B27 6EU.

BECOME RICH — your muscle my brain 0958 222739.

SERIOUS PEOPLE — 6 Weeks = £300-£1800+. 0181 230 5135 (24 hr).

10 GENUINE BUSINESS opportunities — £10 V. BECK, Little Howards, Upton HP17 8UA.

EARN £300+ DAILY — Tel/Fax: 01455 234565 (24 hrs).

FREE MAILING-WORK information! Earn extra cash. The Homeworkers' Guild, 0181 230 5410 (24 hrs).

CHALLENGING WORK — high rewards. Ring (24 hrs) 0117 909 1577.

CONDOM TESTERS REQUIRED — over 18s only call 0839 654 180 (24hrs). GOGO LTD, Box 121, TW8 0EW.

TELECOMS REVOLUTION 07000 560646.

EYE PROTECT

HAVE YOUR PROPERTY guarded while you're away — FREE residential security guard in return for free accommodation. Write: M. COX, 45 Hobart Place, Richmond, Surrey TW10 6JF.

EYE WANT

BUSINESSWOMAN, 43, French, would like to go to Annabel's for dinner, but is not a member. Can you help please? Box 1134.

IS YOUR FIRST STOP of the day the make-up mirror? Or do you never wear the stuff? INDEPENDENT TELEVISION COMPANY wants to hear from women (or men) willing to share their obsession. Box 1234.

IF YOU HAVE CLAIMS against BEST LEISURE LIMITED; Management, Lower Farm Cottages Glos — or owner, PETER PROWTING, send fax/phone numbers and full details of your claims/problems to Box 1734.

PESTALOZZI CHILDREN'S VILLAGE — Colin Wagstaff, Khalid Aziz Kurta — information in confidence to ex-student — karve@loop.com Box 0432.

AIRMILES — 01273 689578.

EYE HOMEHUNT

MATURE LITERARY GENT, usually resident France, seeks reasonable-size unfurnished room in congenial household, centralish London, as permanent pied-à-terre and mailing address. Box 1334.

EYE HOMES

HOMES OVERSEAS EXHIBITION — the Brighton Centre, Brighton, Oct. 17-19. Free admission. Looking for a holiday/investment/retirement home abroad? Meet the agents and developers from around the world under one roof. HOMES OVERSEAS MAGAZINE now available thru leading newsagents. For more info call: 0171 636 6050.

YORKSHIRE DALES — 2 bed, 1st floor luxury apartment in secluded old school close West Witton, Leyburn £54,950. Details: 01969 622936.

IDYLLIC LIFESTYLE possible — converted coachhouse, charming Lincoln village. 4-bedroom house, integral office/studio/print-room workshop. Area: 2,500 sq.ft., acre woodland garden £165,000. 01673 860962 or 01947 821007.

TOO BUSY to find the HOME OF YOUR DREAMS? Let me. Call 0976 904886.

EYE TECH

BEST PENTIUM SYSTEMS? Best prices? Probably! PC STATION 01332 743525.

NEED PC SUPPORT? Domestic and small businesses call THOM 0117 9720557.

CATCH THE EYE of the best computer enthusiasts in the land with CIX. Free Sign-Up, Free Software, Full Internet Access, Full Conferencing, Usenet News, 100% UK local call, 5mb free web space, E-mail, X2, Help Line. £6.25 (+vat) per month including two and a half hours free, £14.99 (+vat) per month including twenty-five hours free. www.cix.co.uk or call 0845 355 5050 for FREE brochure and software.

COMPUTER TUITION in West London from GEORGE at £20 per hour. 0181 995 1586.

WHY BE BGH27.HQ@some #*%$.co.uk when you can be john@fulham.co.uk? London e-Mail address: http://www.anyplace.co.uk

UNIX SPECIALIST — 0181 979 9774.

COMPUTER TROUBLE? Let a genuine PC expert help you with advice, installation, setup, programming and trouble-shooting — and save yourself some big headaches. Call TOBY on 0171-229 3001 for friendly, professional advice.

EYE HELP

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address — discreet, efficient, helpful and inexpensive. CHILTERN 01273 604444.

RALPH DAVIS SOLICITORS — no win no fee agreements available. Member Law Society Personal Injury Panel — litigation specialists. 14 Theobalds Road, WC1, 0171 831 4702.

IRELAND — mature, resourceful, experienced businessman available as agent, representative, frontman, etc. Everything considered. Office/warehouse, Dublin/Belfast. Box 0234.

CCJs REMOVED LEGALLY — 0171 928 1515.

COMPANY DIRECTORS and accommodation addresses available, excellent credit ratings and banking. Fully discreet office and fax services. For details phone: 01296 338421 or 0956 374927 (mobile).

PROFESSIONAL LET YOU DOWN? We deal with Professional Negligence — including solicitors. Call ROBERT FESTENSTEIN — Solicitor on 0161 833 0578.

CHILD SUPPORT AGENCY — assessment of any possible future maintenance payments, due to divorce, separation, etc, accurate and confidential. 0958 626707.

SPEAKER & SPEECHWRITER — TED BLAKE, 01708 375512.

TIRED OF BLOATED phone bills? Know others likewise? Join us FREE — share MASSIVE SAVINGS! IAN, 01235 814241.

CONFIDENTIAL DEBT ADVICE — London area. 0171 790 7559.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS — guaranteed confidential and discreet. Mail, phone, fax services and short-term room hire. 0181 343 2316.

BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION — 01482 658701.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS — secretarial, confidential, exceptional, inexpensive — POSTHASTE, Croydon 0181 688 8144.

DEBT PROBLEMS? Chartered Accountant acts on success only basis. 0171 224 1231.

MEDICAL NEGLIGENCE or accident — consult Solicitor with experience. FREEPHONE 0800 026 2622.

CREDIT PROBLEMS preventing loans, mortgages, credit cards, etc? Credit repair service covers all adverse credit items, only £45. CHILTERN ASSOCIATES, South 01273 604444, North 0161 9296006.

CREDIT CARDS (non-status) — 0800 9804565.

ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS Discreet/confidential mail/message-holding service. REGENT STREET 0171 580 4242.

BLACKLISTED? Refused credit? 0181 230 5321 NOW!

SPEECHWRITING by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 31.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

CONFIDENTIAL MAILING address — interesting range low-profile privacy related services and products. 0181 556 2979 for brochure.

EYE BUYS

45 EYES — from 100 to 200. complete set 200 to now — over 800 Eyes. £500. 0181 748 4474.

EYES 79 TO 850 — Offers 01252 514693.

EYES FOR SALE — Nos 185-354 (1969-75), 686-928 (1988-97). Runs cheap — FINDLAY 0181 994 7915.

372-651 — Total 237, plus Maxwells NOT Private Eye, plus 12 DIGGERS. Offers 01985 213513.

EYE NEED

EVERYTHING STOLEN while moving house — £1,500 needed for essentials. Grateful for anything. BANK OF SCOTLAND 120103/00188581.

STARTING A BUSINESS — Poor credit history; banks won't play. NATIONWIDE, 07-01-16, 22727293.

UTTERLY DESPERATE — LLOYDS 30-97-81, 0618462. Thanks.

PLEASE HELP ME — losing home. Desperate. MIDLAND 401603, 81139223.

MUCK AND MAGIC! But land costs £££s. Enterprising couple seeks £5,000 for growing organic vegetables. RBS 83-49-40, 00202588. Box 0434.

EX-TEACHER, had breakdown, caught in poverty trap. Please help. LLOYDS 30-97-78, 1402878.

NEW LIFESTYLE needed — £75,000 wanted. NATIONWIDE, Sort Code 07-01-16, Acc 23195015.

YOUNG WRITER NEEDS finance to research mysticism in France. Thank you. Bank details: 40-44-24, 11099183.

SMALL PRODUCTION COMPANY urgently needs £1500 to research documentary on worldwide trafficking in women and children. Story needs to be told — please help! BARCLAYS 20-46-57, 20592188. 0181 374 3320.

TALENTED HARD-WORKING musician has scholarship for fees but not living. Help me fulfil dream — HALIFAX 11-02-04, 00143831.

HARD CASH NONE, hard evidence loads. Me v B.S, P.E. 932 p.12. Please be Brief! 01273 230577, all following reqd. Sort: 09-00-00, Abbey National A/c 00050005 ref: X8465628LEH.

OCD — long-time sufferer needs funds for NLP therapy. MIDLAND 40-17-32, 21044974. Thank you. Box 1634.

LONE PARENT NEEDS help. MIDLAND 40-09-15, 21233602.

ARTIST SEEKS PATRON to facilitate pursuit of potentially illustrious career. 0181 883 7612.

COULD YOU HELP my lovely handicapped daughter? £1,000 could change her life. HALIFAX BRANCH 774, Account number 20/17905449-8.

PLEASE HELP — desperate. MIDLAND 40-28-15, 71107372.

DONOR EGGS — Mothers under 36 willing to donate eggs, benevolently and anonymously to childless couple. Please help. Call LISTER HOSPITAL EGG DONATION LINE 0171 259 9038. Quote reference 168330.

CAN YOU? WILL YOU? 10k needed for hardworking couple sandwiched between neighbours from hell, every little helps. Thank you. HALIFAX Sort Code 11-05-91, Account 00394864.

TALENTED YOUNG ARTIST, singer writer seeks generous patron — 0171 700 7388.

CHILD WITH IQ 160+ — desperate, disabled, single parent needs funds for education. NATWEST 60-08-34, 51163276. Please.

SICK TEACHER'S CAR wrecked by joy-riders. Please help. NATIONWIDE 07-01-16, 12103739. Box 0332.

LATE STARTER help with Uni costs — BARCLAYS 20-36-98, 70698326. Bless!

HIV+ — JUST WANT to die happy — 51-50-10/92583075.

SEND REINFORCEMENTS! NATWEST 60-11-31, 24851272.

PENSIONER, NOT RICH but NOT in need. However, should any person care to help with my future quality of life, I will not object — Forest, HALIFAX 00572964, Code 11-01-20.

EYE FINANCE

CHARISMATIC MALE singer seeks "angel" to back record production and promotion. Box 0334.

IMPRESS YOUR CLIENT and bank manager. Prestigious second user company cars for small and new businesses. From Cavaliers to Porsche to Lexus. Maintenance inclusive and NO PGs. Call us at DUNCTON LEASING on 01798 343850.

FREE PERSONAL LOAN & mortgage service — secured and unsecured. We'll get you the UK's ABSOLUTE LOWEST interest rates on all standard cases, PLUS 100% mortgages, non-status, CCJs, self-employed, business. NO FEES whatsoever! Phone 0181 236 4706 (24hr) for FREE loan information pack. Licensed credit broker — written quotations available on request.

REGISTER YOUR INTEREST in the MOON! Exciting and innovating scheme. Information: PENNYFIELD MANAGEMENT LIMITED, PO Box 669, Southampton, Hampshire SO14 0HN.

CREDIT CARDS — CCJs no problem! No card, no fee, all welcome. 07050 604571.

EYE JOBS

BEEN MADE REDUNDANT or looking for something new and exciting? Oi, oi! You up for it nudge nudge? Wanna buy a new motor John? Dirty joke! Gerrit? Is this your business technique? Forget it, now you know why you were made redundant. We want professionals, we want collar and tie men and Versace clad women. We want people who have got £5,000 + vat to secure an exclusive UK area in the fastest growing industry in the world, and capable of ensuring a monthly income. Gorrit? Ring TONY MANSFIELD on 01708 704433.

WINDOWS PROGRAMMING
IN VB AND DELPHI
Varied applications.
Excellent conditions.
www.analystic.com

PERFECT GENTLEMAN required — sophisticated guys to accompany ladies on formal and social occasions. 25-65. Phone 0171 284 2897.

EYE BET

CASINO BLACKJACK with PROJECT21. Infopack 01344 780259.

EYE LEARN

DRAW CARTOONS that sell! One day master classes with JOHN BYRNE. Info and tour dates 0831 655593.

INTENSIVE DRIVER TUITION — very quiet test area — 0973 208715 after 8pm for info.

DEGREES BY MAIL — fast and simple. SAE to: 7 Henrietta Road, Exmouth, Devon EX8 1LT.

INTENSIVE DRIVING Courses — centres nationwide — 01248 853970 (brochure).

LEARN TO DRIVE courses — HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS (01492) 531517.

WRITE, DIRECT, produce, film — FREE catalogue 0171 287 3833.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES POSTAL — 0161 795 3056.

CRASH DRIVING COURSES — 01983 856137.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *Got a Christmas gift to sell? 6 issues left to Christmas, book now for a 10% discount!* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

EYE DRIVE

LANCIA INTEGRALE — the thinking man's supercar supplied direct from Italy. Prices from £8,500-£23,500. Demo and brochure available. 01398 323892.

EYE ESCAPE

SCOTLAND — ISLE OF ARRAN. Luxury hunting lodge on enchanting wooded estate. Total privacy, ideal for golfing (7 courses), walking, bird watching, small business meetings. Self-catering or full board. Tel: 01770 820 213.

SOUTH INDIA THIS WINTER? Regular group departures visiting temples, wildlife, beaches — also, personalised itineraries. CHANDERTAL TOURS 01323 422213.

LLOADSA LLAMAS — For tailor-made and escorted group tours and low-cost flights to Latin America ring the experts, JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Fully bonded, ATOL, ABTA, AITO. 0161 832 1441.

HORSE-HIRE — no escorts. Trails 2-7 days. Wales. Stay farms/inns. Telephone FreeRein, 01497 821356.

CATALONIA, SPAIN — small family hotel, for people who don't want chips with everything. Tel: 00 34 72 321202/langdon @globalmail.net

ADVENTURE CAMPING throughout Africa. 3-27 weeks. From £280. Brochure: TRUCKAFRICA 0171 731 6142.

AFRICAN SAFARIS — 4 to 21 weeks camping adventures. For the best value gamewatching & sightseeing, telephone PHOENIX EXPEDITIONS 01509-881818.

SOUTH AMERICA — Overland expeditions for small groups. 19 days to 100 days. 01926 311332.

MURDER WEEKENDS — 0181 959 6579.

TRAVEL INSURANCE — to meet every traveller's needs at competitive prices? We can offer flexible cover and excellent service at prices well below those found in the High Street. Underwritten by the UK's largest travel insurer. Call CLUB DIRECT on 01243 817781.

EXPLORE WORLDWIDE — 170 small group adventures in over 90 countries... Search for Komodo Dragons in Indonesia or Tigers in India, see giant tortoises in the Galapagos or ring-tailed lemurs in Madagascar... Offbeat tours in Europe, Middle East, Africa, Asia, Americas, Australasia. 1-6 weeks from £339. Call 01252 344161 for brochure. Bonded AITO/ATOL 2595.

VISIT VIETNAM — Brochure 0171 727 5299.

EYE LET

ORKNEY — small seaside cottage close shops on cliff path, high/low season, one-bedroom. Tel: 01294 467642.

FUNKY COTTAGE — Kintyre, Argyll. Weekend/longer lets all year. Sleeps 2 to 8. Answerphone 01880 820364.

NORFOLK COTTAGE — whirlpool etc. 0973 426359.

LARGE Edwardian Cornish cliff-top holiday home on beautiful Roseland peninsular. Due to cancellation Oct 25 now available. CALL: 01424 838404.

EYE FLY

WORLDWIDE LOWEST prices allegedly! Tel: 01942 603599/680268. Fax: 01942 670868. Agents ATOL Holders.

LOW-COST WORLDWIDE flight specialists. Please call 0171 287 1222 IATA/ATOL.

FLIGHT OPTIONS — telephone booking service. Tel: 01432 851062, fax: 01432 850722, HENRY ROGERS, ATOL3793.

EYE CARE

ARE YOU MALE in a difficult relationship? Red "Saving The Situation" — it will solve it. Send £7.95 incl p&p to: THE FAMILY PRACTICE PRESS, Michaelmas Cottage, Drem, North Berwick EH39 5AP.

PENIS ENLARGEMENT system from qualified doctors. Genuine, simple, safe, inexpensive. A dream come true. DIPIX(E), POB 75, Sandwich CT13 9RT.

ACCREDITED COUNSELLOR — 0181 9857955.

ERECTION CORRECTION — treatment for impotence and related disorders. VIR CLINICS, 21 Sandringham Court, London W1V 1FE. 0800 163861.

AROMATHERAPY CONSULTANT — 0181 806 1304.

CONSULTANT Hypnotherapist — Harley Street. Stress, panic attacks, eating disorders, confidence, sexual problems, smoking etc. Telephone JESSICA RICHARDS 0171 935 0023.

TELEPHONE COUNSELLING — long/short term therapy. Daytime/evenings. Affordable. Call THE ALEXANDER GROUP PSYCHOLOGISTS for appointment — 01545 560402.

EYE GO OUT

SINGLES — Psychic Seminar weekends. Mystical paranormal subjects. Comfortable hotels countrywide. Brochure, sae: MILLENNIA VISIONS, PO Box 233, Chester CH2 3WJ.

EYE HEAR

JAZZ TRIO — available for dinner, cocktail, Xmas parties — 0181 518 1881.

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ — trio to marching band — anywhere/anytime — 01703 228950.

EYE CONTACT

MEET GIRLS FROM Scandinavia and worldwide. FREE details, photos. WWC Box 78/p, S-424 22 Angered, Sweden.

CONTACT MAG for adults — over 600 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley PR7 4BS. Or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

COUPLES PARADISE — 0181 663 1744 for details sase to PO Box 493, London SE26 5DY.

ADDITIONS, nationwide newsletter — Attached? Yet need a friend? — 0181 905 3304, 0181 958 9657 — total discretion assured. Featured on ITV, American TV, BBC, Radios 4/5. Established 1992.

PLATONICS AND ROMANTICS meet on The Like-Minded Network, via psychological profiling. Brochure from Mailunit, THE CHARACTERISTIC COMPANY, Hindleap Corner, Forest Row, RG18 5JF. 01342 824545.

BEAUTIFUL GHANAIAN GIRLS seeking men any age for friendship/marriage. Details: RMB(PE), PO Box 266, Warwick CV34 4YZ.

ATTACHED? SEEKING ROMANCE? LOVING LINKS is Europe's leading quality discreet dating service. Call David for a friendly chat on 0181 962 6300. Featured on TV, Radio and National/Intl Press.

CLUB RUSSIA — Beautiful women-correspondence-holidays-visas-flats available Moscow, Kiev. Tel: (01248) 355640, Fax: 371711. Write Russia House, Bangor (P) LL57 2HF.

MARGARET'S SPECIAL PEN Club — make new friends today UK & overseas. SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ., Est. 1986.

GORGEOUS ORIENTAL ladies. UK-RENDEZVOUS (MM1), 287 Regent St, W1R 7PB.

THE THAI CONNECTION — established 8 years. FREE brochure 01582 481725.

UPWRITE PENFRIENDS — make friends in AMERICA. For details write: UPWRITE PENFRIENDS, 274 Eastchester Drive, Suite 117-115, High Point, NC 27262 — 7721, USA.

PENPAL MAG for adults: over 500 photos. APPROVAL copy from: MATCHMAKER, (S.76), Chorley, PR7 4BS or ring: 01257 480155 (24 hours).

HEDONISM PARTIES, decadent, uninhibited, exhibitionist, funloving, risque party animals SAE PO Box 153, Greenford, UB6 8LY. 0181 575 2052.

BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES — colour brochure 01689 860880.

RUSSIAN INTRODUCTIONS — 01276 502134.

INTERESTED IN nice PEN PALS? Worldwide? Info: GLOBAL PENFRIENDS SERVICE, Blumenstr. 44, 70182 Stuttgart, Germany.

ADORABLE Oriental beauties. Tel/Fax 07000 783 810.

WORLDWIDE CONTACTS — sae REBECCA, 68/P Field Lane, Frimley GU16 5JZ.

YOUNG LADIES worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 610188/S, 10922 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049-30-25299775.

VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS — 0181 348 5229.

CLUB X — private contacts, weekly adult parties, exclusive magazine, couples/singles. 07000 781 652

PERSON TO PERSON — best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS Bargain Offer! (Dept PE/6) PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

EYE LOVE

PRE-RAPHAELITE JAYNE — thanks for Pushkin. Now for Eastern approaches? JOHN. Box 1033.

BLACK BEAUTY? Handsome white stallion (6'+, 46, intelligent, articulate, charismatic, considerate, romantic, generous) desires glamorous black filly (long, long legs; short, short skirts; very, very sexy) for long-term love, lust and laughter. London, Devon, anywhere. Mutual discovery to commence immediately. Your photo, phone number and letter reaches. Box 1133.

STRICT BACHELOR, 45 (London), seeks submissive female desiring warm, exciting, intimate relationship. Box 1233.

WARM, SPIRITED and attractive journalist, 38, divorced, seeks mature professional male, 35-45, for refreshing long-term relationship. No losers. Box 1333.

HANDSOME, TALL professional male, late thirties, gsoh, seeks attractive libidinous lady for discreet amorous liaisons. Scotland. Box 1433.

SENSUOUS, SLIM, professional married man (40) seeks similar woman for occasional discreet passionate liaisons. New Forest area. Box 1533.

SPICE BOY (36) seeks Flat Slag. Herts/Beds/Cambs. Box 1633.

LEO, 49, slim, 5'10", solvent, own teeth, but greying mane, seeks mate. Must be slim, 35-45, with divine achilles tendons. Loves wine, food, cars and the country. Be my pride. London, H/Counties. Box 1733.

SLIM MALE, 36, seeks slimmish virgin surgeon to administer cure. London. Email:erogenous@bigfoot.com Box 1833.

BRAVEHEART — where are you? Young, 41, American female seeks swm, sexy, sensual n/s unattached for fun, romance, good sex. Photo required. Box 1933.

EYE LOVE — 30s M4F4XXX. London. Box 2033.

SENSUAL, CEREBRAL svelte graceful young 41. A la recherche du temps perdu, wasted in celibacy, neglect. Needs man of emotional depth for intimacy, understanding and uninhibited physical abandon. Kent TN15. Box 2133.

TALL, PASSIONATE MAN (49) into visual arts seeks lady friend. Nottingham. Box 2333.

LOVER/SOULMATE wanted by attached, slim, good looking and outgoing early 40s male. If you are looking for a new lease of life and enjoy good food, wine, conversation and mutual pleasure, then write to me now. Manchester/Cheshire area. Photo appreciated. Box 2533.

SHORTISH, BOYISH, English chap, 25, seeks eccentric, attractive girl (ono), 20-30, to be silly with. Photo appreciated. Kent. Box 2633.

MEEK, MYSTIC marathon man, 50, matrimonially mundane, must meet Maid Marion. Mutually moonlight merrily? Box 2733.

OK HONEST MAN, 36, seeks attractive passionate, free-thinking woman for loving relationship. Sutton Coldfield, W. Midlands. Box 2833.

DETACHED BERKSHIRE LADY, 40s, seeks civilised boyfriend, similarly available. Photo please. Box 3033.

TALL, CIVILISED, gentle, randy, married man, 52, good sense of humour would like to meet tallish, interesting lady for tactile, discreet relationship. Box 3133.

NN FROM CAMBRIDGE — loved the photos. Please supply phone or address. SS. Box 3233.

HELP PULL my Xmas Cracker! Professional femme (35) wltm unattached man to celebrate Xmas Day in London. Send your thoughts on how we can celebrate. Box 3333.

MALE TEACHER, 32, 5'7", single, liking classical music, jazz and travel, seeks lady for friendship. London/SE. Box 1434.

40-ISH GREATER MANCHESTER licensee seeks slim, attractive, solvent, intelligent, independent, witty, warm lady for relaxation, conversation, laughter — perhaps even passion!! Discretion assured if required. Box 3433.

URBANE, ATTRACTIVE MAN, 49, 5'7", 10st, brown hair/eyes, seeks strictly hands-on relationship with corrigible callipygous female. London. Box 3533.

INTIMACY SOUGHT for country breaks and trips abroad, perhaps more. I am shy, clever, bald, amusing if interested, hirsute, solvent, forties, slightly anarchic. You are educated, feminine, strong, optimistic, sensual, probably younger. Ethnicity immaterial. No Toryism or religiosity. Photo appreciated. Box 3633.

TROPHY GIRLFRIEND sought by Arrogant Bastard! Not quite, but special person is required for the position recently vacated by the first Mrs Hart (Jeniffer ran off with Max). GSOH, Intelligence, and Insatiability, are essential. Attractiveness an advantage. You should be 20-35 and willing to put up with a Globe Trotting, Champagne lifestyle. Email jon.hart@dial.pipex.com

SIZE 8 FEMALE sought for TLC and repartee, any age or status, by gentle, assured and articulate, unattached 30s professional male. Box 1432.

BUSINESSMAN, NORTH WEST — 48. Kind and gentle natured seeks lady friend/confidante to share occasional quality time with. Box 0534.

ATTRACTIVE, ATTACHED WOMAN, 40s, wants discreet, uncomplicated fun with N/S tall man. Surrey. Box 0634.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK BABE, 37, seeks Mr Right. Any nationality. Photo/phone. London. Box 0734.

YOU ARE FEMALE, fundamentally unsubmissive, successful, powerful, scary! Yet your alter ego wants the opposite, to bond with a dominant, unpossessive gentle man (58) to discover the real you, and restrain that wildness. Box 0834.

UNPRETENTIOUS LONDON MAN of verve, gifted shoulder lender with velvet toe-curling voice and irresistible smile, retired from work but not life, wants dewy-eyed, slim yet patently busty woman ready again for secret winks, laughs, torrid kisses and Christmas. Box 0934.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN, 43, seeks caring, intelligent, professional gentleman (gynaecologist, solicitor, pilot, accountant) for friendship and more if suited. Interested in the meaning of life, enjoy dancing, walks, films, books. Non-smoker and good sense of humour. Box 1034.

INSURE YOUR VALUABLES AROUND THE WORLD FOR £89

Wherever you go, General Accident Direct offer annual travel insurance from £89 for a family of four. We've also other policies available, so call for details. (For travellers under 65 years.)

GA

General Accident Direct

0800 121 007

OPEN SEVEN DAYS A WEEK.

SORRY — Some EYE NEED & EYE LOVE ads have been held over to next issue because of lack of space.

POPCORN

a new play by BEN ELTON

'Fast, funny and downright sexy. Popcorn looks a smash for Ben Elton'
EVE STANDARD

'stylish... brilliantly scripted... The cliffhanger ending is ace
THE SUN

'zinging, punchy thriller.. literally a bloody good night out'
FINANCIAL TIMES

'The West End has found its resident playwright' INDEPENDENT ON SUN

'Sheer entertainment, Popcorn is hard to beat' DAILY MAIL

'electrifying.. bloodcurdling comedy.. I recommend it with relish
SUNDAY TIMES

APOLLO THEATRE
SHAFTESBURY AVENUE
0171 494 5505 & 0171 344 4444 (WITH BKG FEE)
FULLY AIR CONDITIONED THEATRE

DIRTY TRICKS
The Opera

by Paul Barker and Stephen Chance

A Towering Tale of Mighty Men Locked in an Epic Battle for the Skies

Dirty Tricks is not about British Airways
Dirty Tricks campaign against Virgin Atlantic

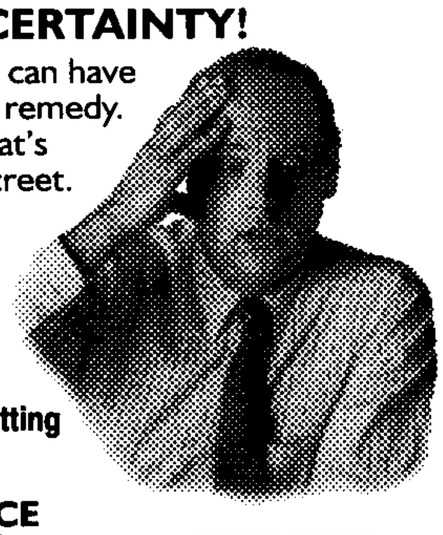
Spitalfields Market Opera

4 & 5 Lamb Street, London E1 6EA
Wed 22 - Sun 26 Oct 1997
Box Office 0171 247 2558

Modern Music Theatre Group
Funded by The Arts Council of England
London Arts Board

DISCREET
SURVEILLANCE
EQUIPMENT ENDS UNCERTAINTY!

Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly, discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



■ UHF Crystal Controlled Room and Telephone Transmitters ■ Body Wires and Wire Taps ■ Radio and Computer Controlled Systems ■ Specialist Receivers and Recorders ■ Recording and Transmitting Briefcases ■ Counter Surveillance Equipment

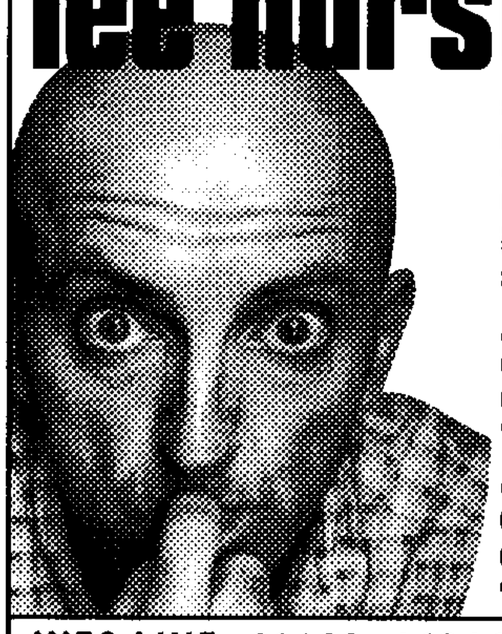
LORRAINE ELECTRONICS SURVEILLANCE
716 Lea Bridge Road, London E10 6AW
0181-558 4226
PROTECTING YOUR BEST INTERESTS FAX 0181 558 1338

VISA PE

Pete Harris for Backyard Productions Ltd presents...

lee hurst

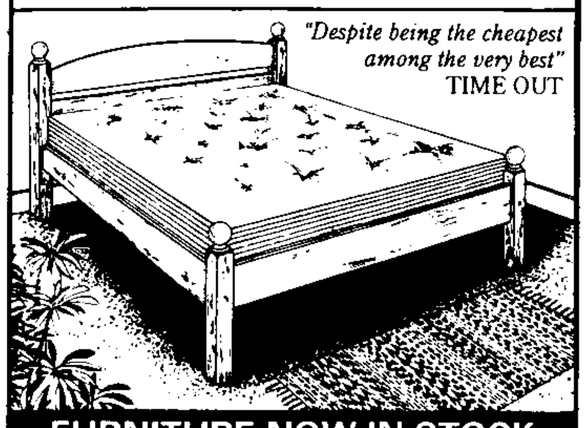
autumn tour 1997



INFO LINE: 01483-462462
PolyGram Video

TAURUS PINE BEDS

HANDMADE AND SOLD DIRECT FROM OUR WORKSHOP



"Despite being the cheapest among the very best" TIME OUT

FURNITURE NOW IN STOCK

242 KILBURN HIGH ROAD LONDON NW6
OPEN SEVEN DAYS
FREE BROCHURE 0171 624 3024

MultiMax

THE BEST SOFTWARE THE BEST SERVICE THE BEST PRICES

Computers for Business,Home and Education

From a full network installation to a single PC for the home, or advice on upgrading, Multimax design and build computers to suit your needs - call now to discuss your requirements and get the computer you want at the right price. Delivered to your door or installed by our technicians anywhere in the UK.

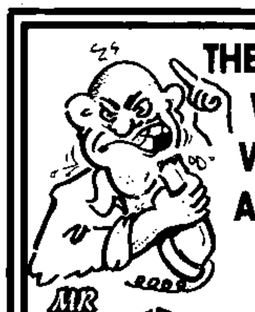
MS Office Professional
from £109.00 + vat (home use only)
£199.00 +vat (business use)
Upgrade to Office Pro 97 only £160+vat

sage
Call for details of our extensive range of accountancy software

IBM Voice Type
Your hands free secretary!!
Simply Speaking voice dictation
Fantastic value only £39 + vat
NEW! Voice dictation with full desktop voice control £75 + vat

We stock 1000s of titles - call for a free catalogue

Credit Card/Switch Orders (all major cedit cards accepted)
Tel: 01652 651651 Fax: 01652 654568 E-mail multimaxuk@aol.com
By Post: Cheque/PO to MultiMax Ltd, PO Box 28, Brigg DN20 9QH



THE FUNNIEST WAY TO WIND UP A FRIEND!

Call one of the numbers below, put it through to a mate - then wait for the reaction!!!

MR FURY
0336 426 381

MY DAUGHTER'S PREGNANT
0336 426 382

YOU OWE THE TAX INSPECTOR
0336 426 383

IRATE DELIVERY DRIVER
0336 426 384

LOVERS AFFAIR EXPOSÉ
0336 426 385

Jokelines, PO Box 43 Warminster Wilts BA12 7RJ
Calls cost 50p/min at all times

Learn to fly a

HELICOPTER

"PROBABI Y THE MOST LIBERATING EXPERIENCE IN THE WORLD"

Call now to book a: available as a gift
Trial Lesson .....(£95 inc vat - briefing + ½hr flight)
Introductory Course .....(£440 inc vat - briefings + 2½hrs flight)

Heli Air Ltd: Training Sales Self Fly Hire
R22 R44 Bell206 Enstrom Hughes 300&500

Nr London: Denham Aerodrome - Jn1a M40, Jn16 M25, Tel. 01895 835899
Nr Birmingham: Wellesbourne Airfield - Jn15 M40, Tel 01789 470476

CUBES
SHELVING
TRESTLES
DESKS ETC

Storage from cubes to wardrobes bookcases, shelves, etc for home or office. Versatile and practical Good value in varnished BEECH Suffolk showroom plus mail order
Cubestore: 01342 310033 (24hr)

Can You Resist?

THE *Erotic* Print Society's catalogue is an irresistable temptation: a sophisticated but rude little 80 page book full of rare and exciting colour images from our limited editions: a collector's piece in itself!

"A *wicked* little volume..."

Send £5.00 (cheque to 'EPS') or Visa/Mastercard details to: EPS (Dept PEX) PO Box 10645, London SW10 9ZT Freephone 08000 26 25 24 Fax 0171-244 8999 or order directly from our Website at: www.eps.org.uk SEXUALLY EXPLICIT: despatch to purchaser *only*

Use Zip Files Without Having to UnZip Them!

"*Spectacularly innovative*...one of the best utilities ever written, and no one who uses .ZIP files should be without it."—*PC Magazine, 12/96**

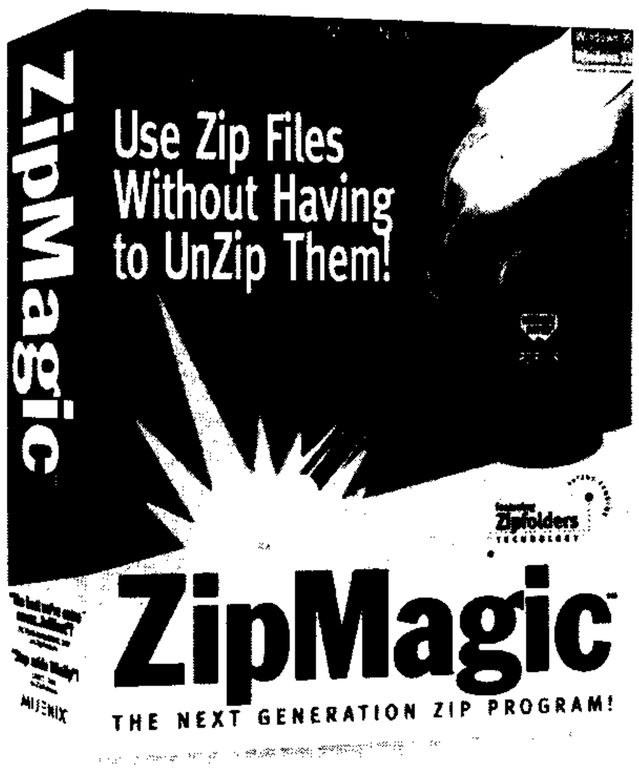
The "Zip" file format is the most popular way to compress files. But using zip files can be a pain. Every time you want something inside a zip file, you have to use a program to extract it, or type out difficult commands in DOS. No more! With ZipMagic, those hassles are a thing of the past.

Immediately Know What's Inside a Zip File—and Use Zip Files Without Having to Unzip Them First! ZipMagic includes all new, patent-pending ***ZipFolders***™ technology, which safely and transparently *turns zip files into Windows folders.* The contents of zip files become instantly accessible, so you can view and modify files, run programs, archive files, all with spectacular ease. Immediately use zip files, without hassles or headaches!

Everything You Need From a Zip Program, and More — *The ZipMagic Archive Manager* gives you all the state-of-the-art options you need when it comes to unzipping and zipping files. Place large zip files onto multiple disks ("spanning"); create self-extracting zip executables to share with others; check and repair zip files; password protect files; and get full compatibility with all standard zip formats.

The ZipMagic Archive Manager even includes extensive file and disk management with integrated viewing!

The First Zip Utility With Automatic Updating — Only ZipMagic has the revolutionary *Internet EasyUpdate*, which seamlessly updates your copy of ZipMagic to the latest maintenance release.



Only £29.95†

"Is anything more cumbersome than unarchiving ZIP files? Now, that hassle is history." — PC World, 12/96*

Open All Popular Compressed Files, Even E-Mail Attachments! ZipMagic fully supports the universal ZIP format, as well as other compressed files like ARJ, GZIP, LHA/LZH, TAR, Z, CAB and ZOO. You can also open email attachments like BinHex, UUencoded, XXencoded and MIME.

Get the Zip Program the Experts Recommend — Experts and novices alike rave about ZipMagic because it's so easy and powerful. Buy it today, and you'll quickly see why ZipMagic is really *the* next generation zip program.

"So easy it's almost invisible. Makes using ZIP files as easy as managing any other files on your disk." — PC Magazine, 12/96*

SYSTEM REQUIREMENTS: IBM PC or compatible running Windows 3.1 or Windows 95. 8MB of RAM. 2.5MB hard disk space

SUPPORTED FORMATS				
ZIP	ARJ	LHA/LZH	TAR	Z
GZIP	TAZ	TGZ	ZOO	CAB
EMAIL FORMATS				
BinHex	XXencoded	UUencoded	MIME	

Download an evaluation copy at http://www.atlantic-coast.com

FEATURES	ZipMagic	WinZip	Zip-It	PKZIP	MicroHelp Zip
Standard UnZip/Zip functionality	✔	✔	✔	✔	✔
Use Zip files without unzipping them	✔				
Run any program within a Zip file	✔				
Repair damaged Zip files	✔			✔	
Convert other formats to Zip	✔				✔
Updates itself over the Internet	✔				
Fully integrated file viewing	✔				
Modify Zip contents at will	✔				
Create sub-folders in Zips	✔				

Compares the following versions: PKZIP 2.5, WinZip 6.2, Zip-It 3.0, MicroHelp Zip 1.0

- USE ZIP FILES WITHOUT HAVING TO UNZIP THEM FIRST
- OPEN ALL POPULAR COMPRESSED FILES & E-MAIL ATTACHMENTS
- PLACE A LARGE ZIP FILE ON MULTIPLE DISKETTES ("SPANNING")
- CREATE SELF-EXTRACTING ZIP
- CHECK ZIP FILES FOR INTEGRITY, REPAIR DAMAGED ZIP FILES
- PASSWORD-PROTECT ZIP FILES
- MODIFY COMPRESSION RATIOS
- CONVERT OTHER ARCHIVE FORMATS TO ZIP
- INCLUDE SUB-FOLDERS IN ZIP FILES

*PRESS QUOTES REFER TO ZIPFOLDERS TECHNOLOGY INCLUDED IN ZIPMAGIC

† Please add £4.70 pp per order

BROWN BAG Software

Atlantic Coast plc., Colyton, Devon, EX13 6HA
Telephone 01297 552222 Fax 01297 553366
email sales@atlantic-coast.com

MIJENIX

If you want to improve your social life and are thinking about joining an Introduction Agency – it all comes down to . . .

Making the right choice

With over eight million single men and women in the UK* between the ages of 18 and 64 you might have thought it would be easy to meet someone special. However, people usually meet at work or within the confines of their social circle and even though you may have an interesting job and a busy social life a compatible partner could still be difficult to find.

In terms of cost, service and the number of people you can meet, Dateline provides real value for money – probably the best investment in your social life and future you could ever wish to make. Don't just take our word for it, just complete this free test questionnaire and see for yourself how our unique and successful formula could easily be put to work for you.

* Government Survey

You will receive in the strictest confidence, entirely free of charge and with no obligation: The name and brief description of someone who could be your perfect partner, our full colour brochure and a copy of our popular paperback book.

For your *free* test

send this questionnaire to:
Dateline 25 Abingdon Road,
London W8 6AL
for information call us on
01869 324 100
Fax: 01869 324 529

or visit our website
www.dateline.uk.com

1. Personal Information

Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Miss ❒ Ms ❒

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____

Post Code _____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒
Widowed ❒
Separated ❒

Age: Height:

Occupation:

Religion:

Build: Slight ❒ Medium ❒ Large ❒

Attractiveness: Very attractive ❒ Attractive ❒ Average ❒

2. Education

Private / Public ❒ Grammar ❒
Comprehensive ❒ Sec. Modern ❒

O Levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒
Further Education ❒
University / Professional Equivalent ❒
Technical Qualification ❒

3. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

❒ Affectionate ❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious ❒ Practical
❒ Considerate ❒ Conventional
❒ Shy ❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic ❒ Adventurous

4. Your Attitudes

(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)

❒ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
❒ Are you looking for one special relationship?
❒ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
❒ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
❒ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

5. Your interests

(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)

❒ Wining/Dining ❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs ❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit ❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History ❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading ❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling ❒ Astrology
❒ Science/Tech ❒ Children
❒ Cinema ❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals ❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music ❒ Countryside

6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: Maximum age:

Height: min. max. Don't mind ❒

Marital status:

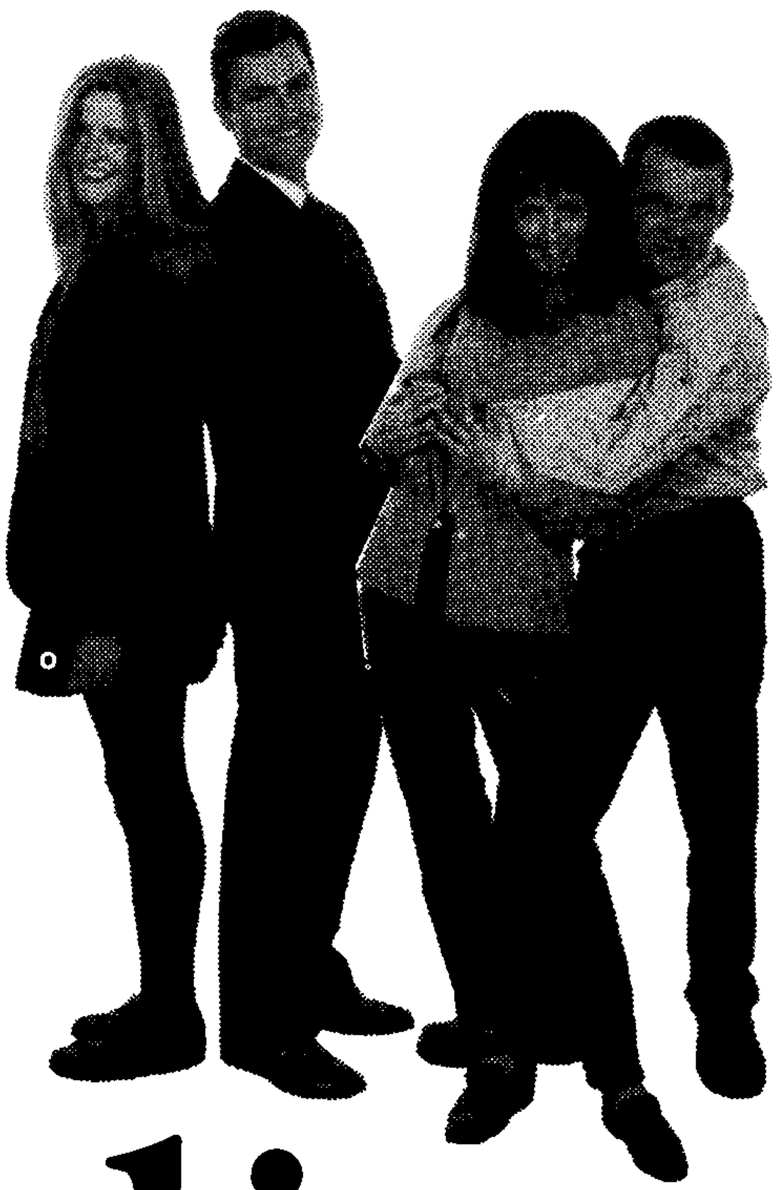
Single ❒ Divorced ❒
Widowed ❒ Separated ❒
Don't mind ❒

Build: Slight ❒ Medium ❒ Large ❒

Attractiveness: Very attractive ❒ Attractive ❒ Average ❒

Dateline Anniversary Est. 1966 30 YEAR

Dept. PE 69



Dateline

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971

9 770032 888044 39>